DATELINE

1959

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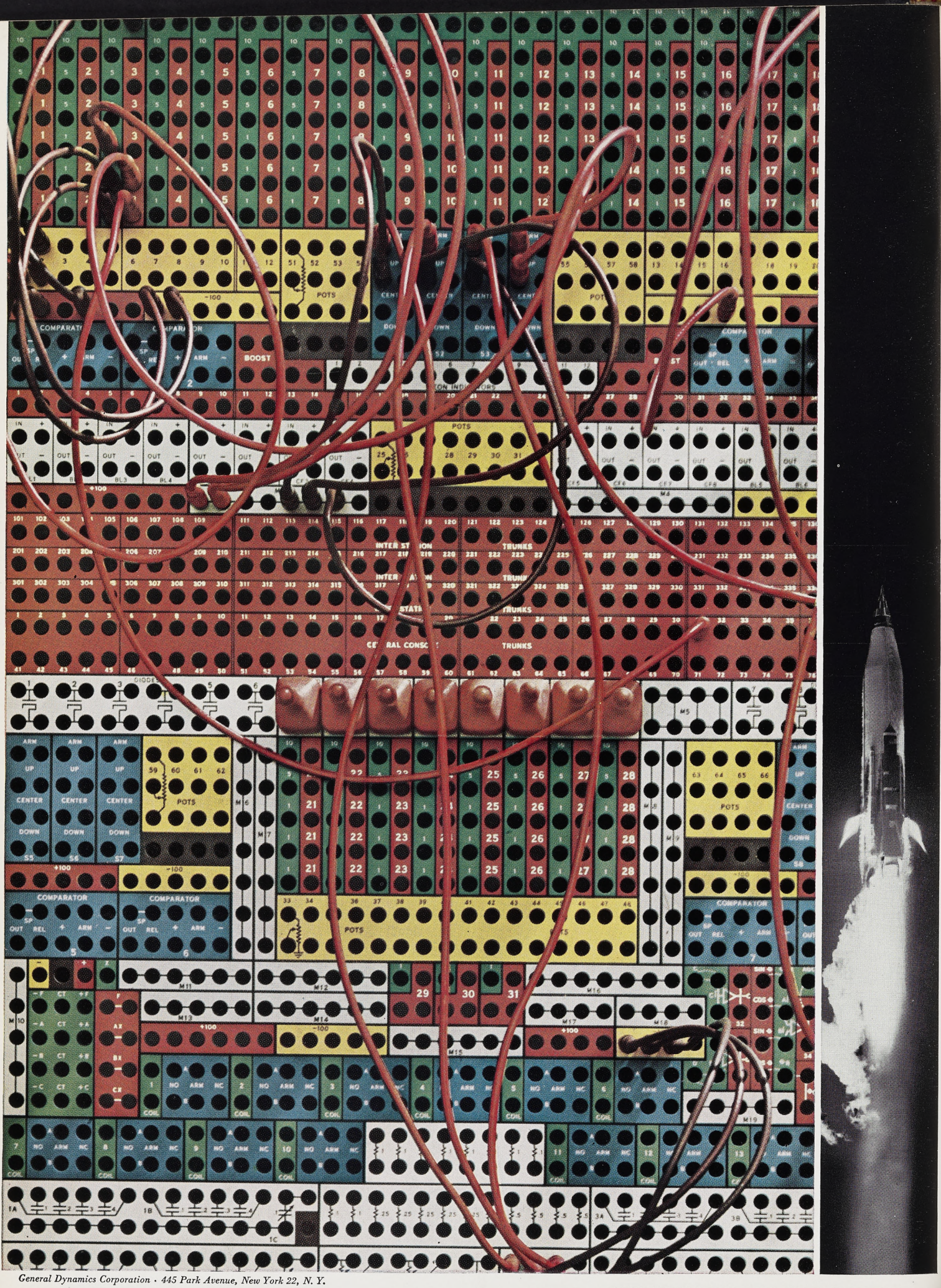
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DATELINE

1959

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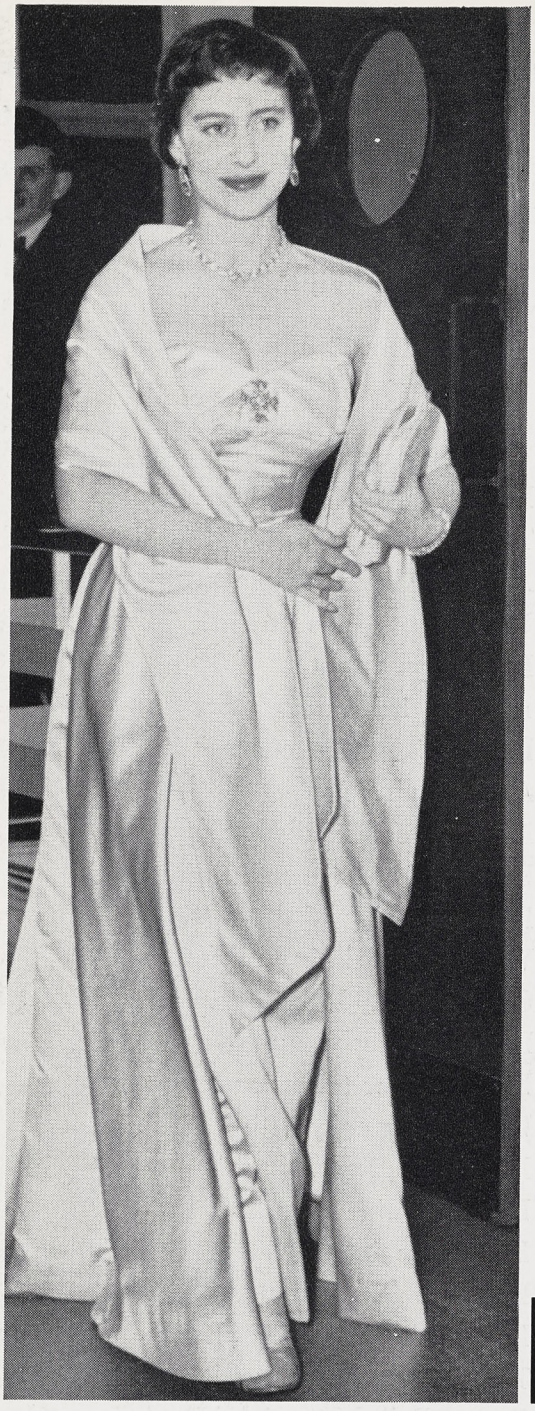
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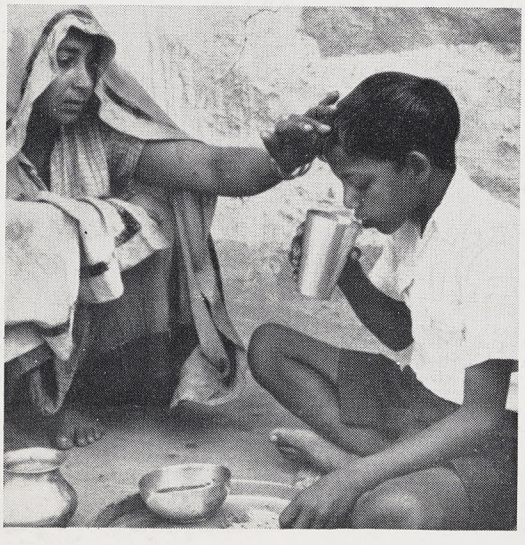
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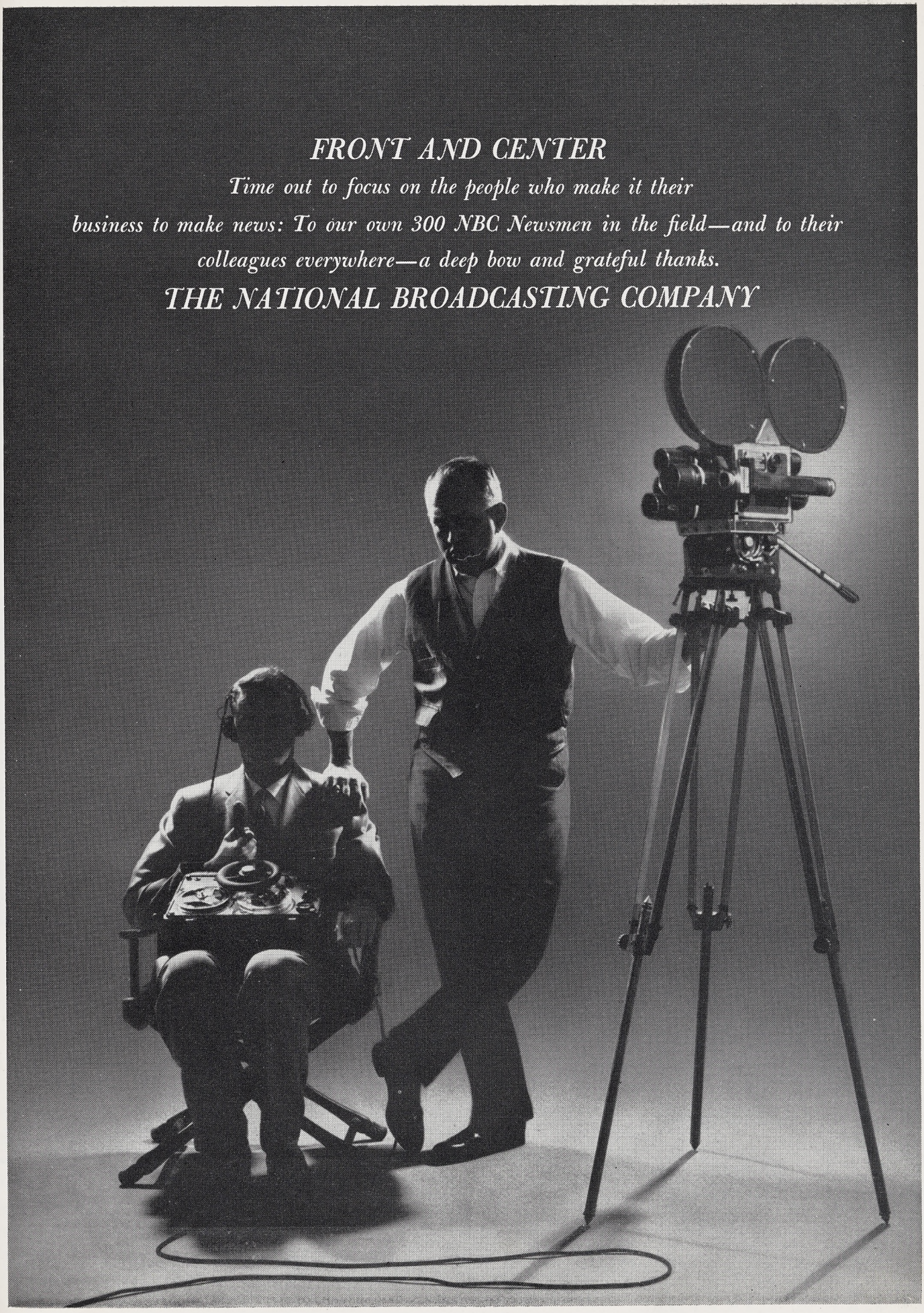
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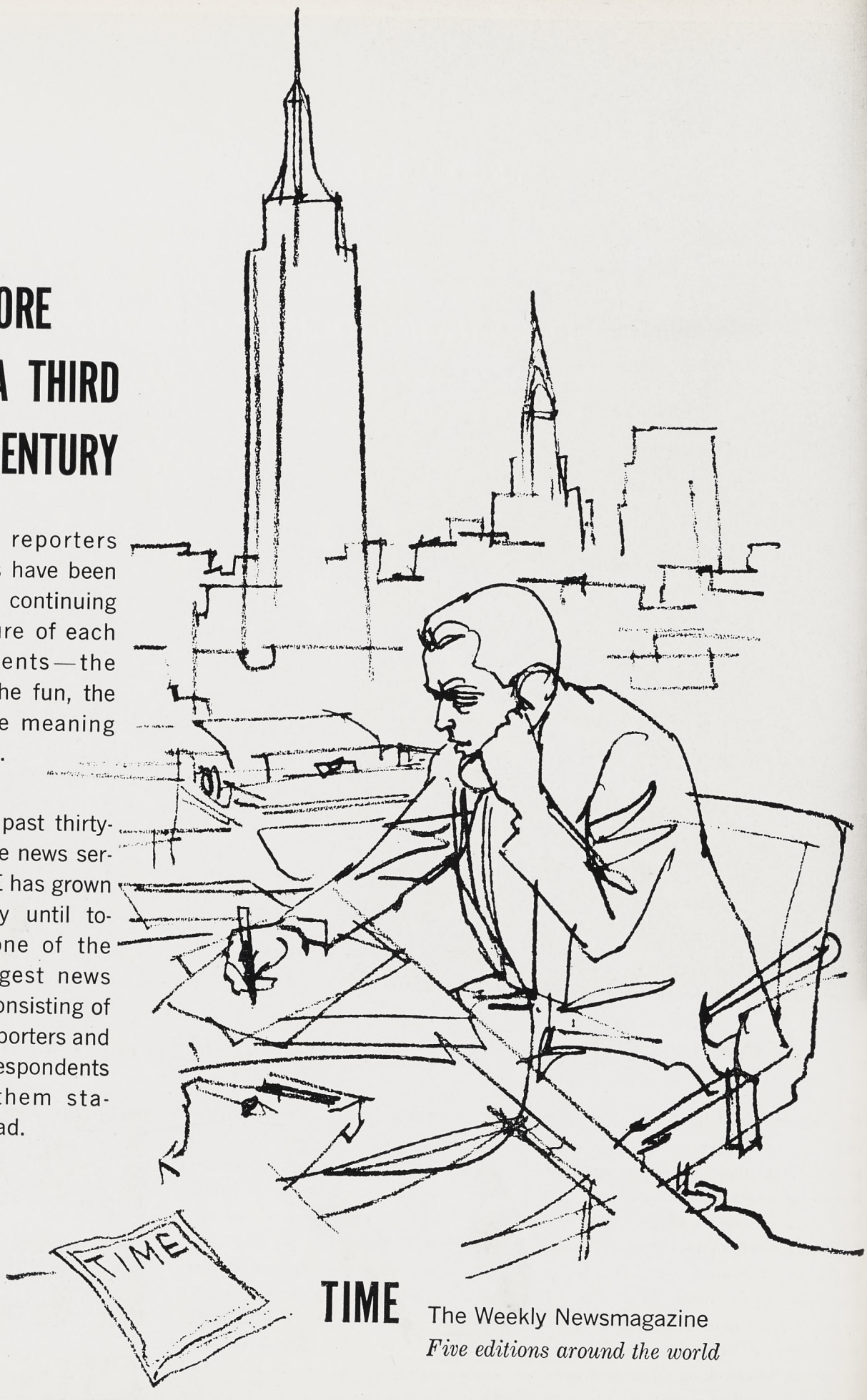
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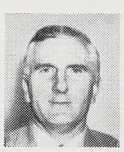

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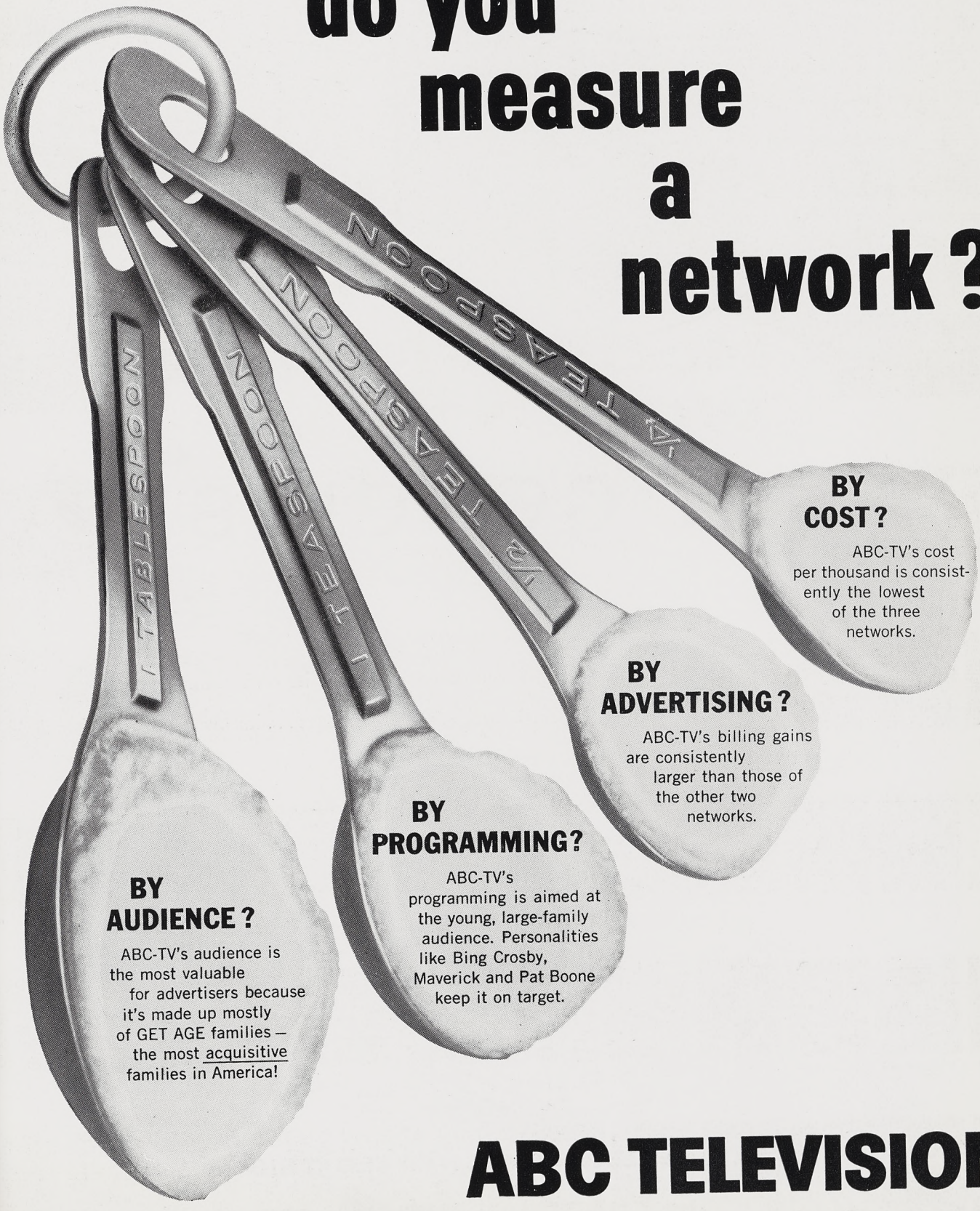
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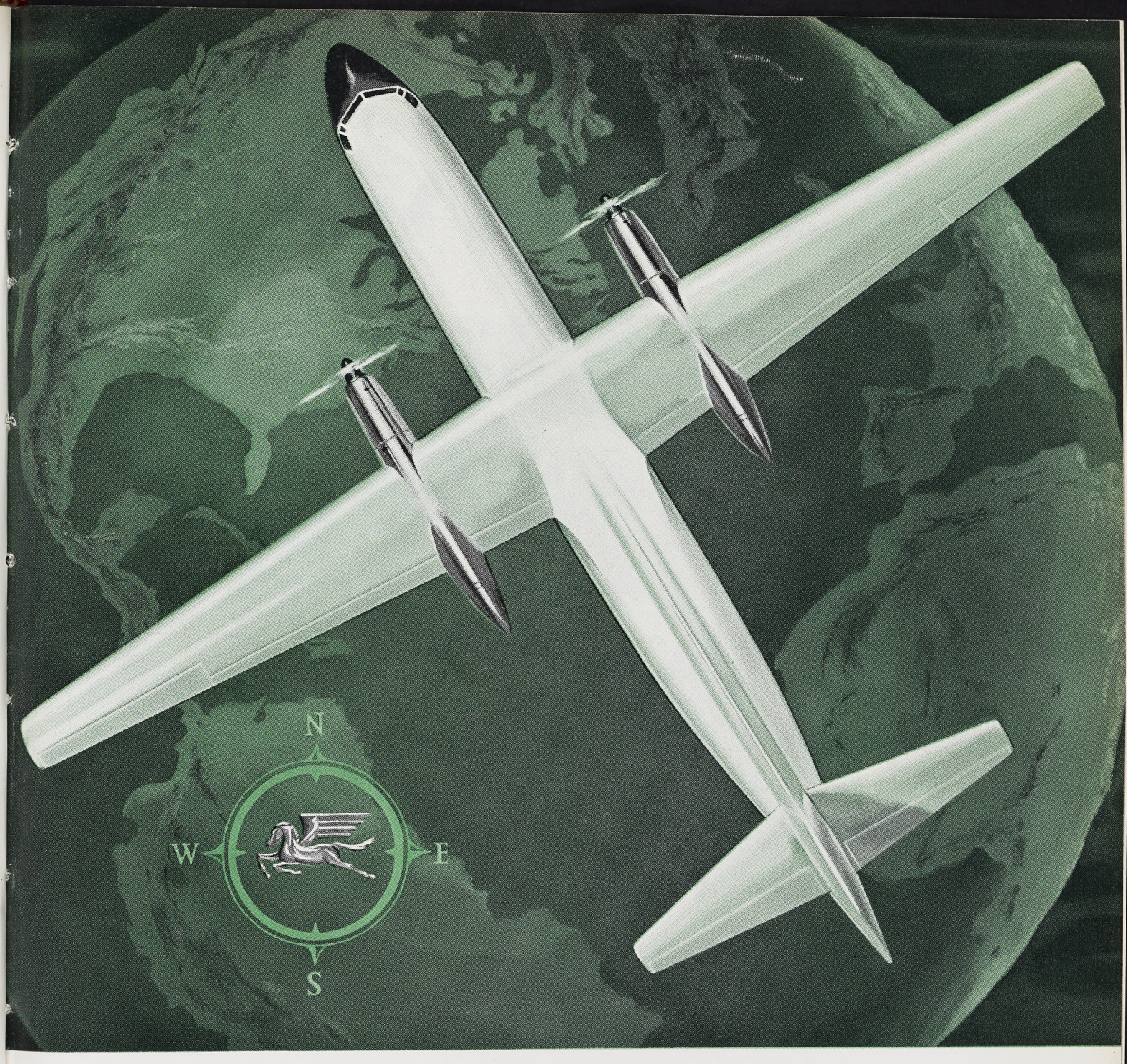
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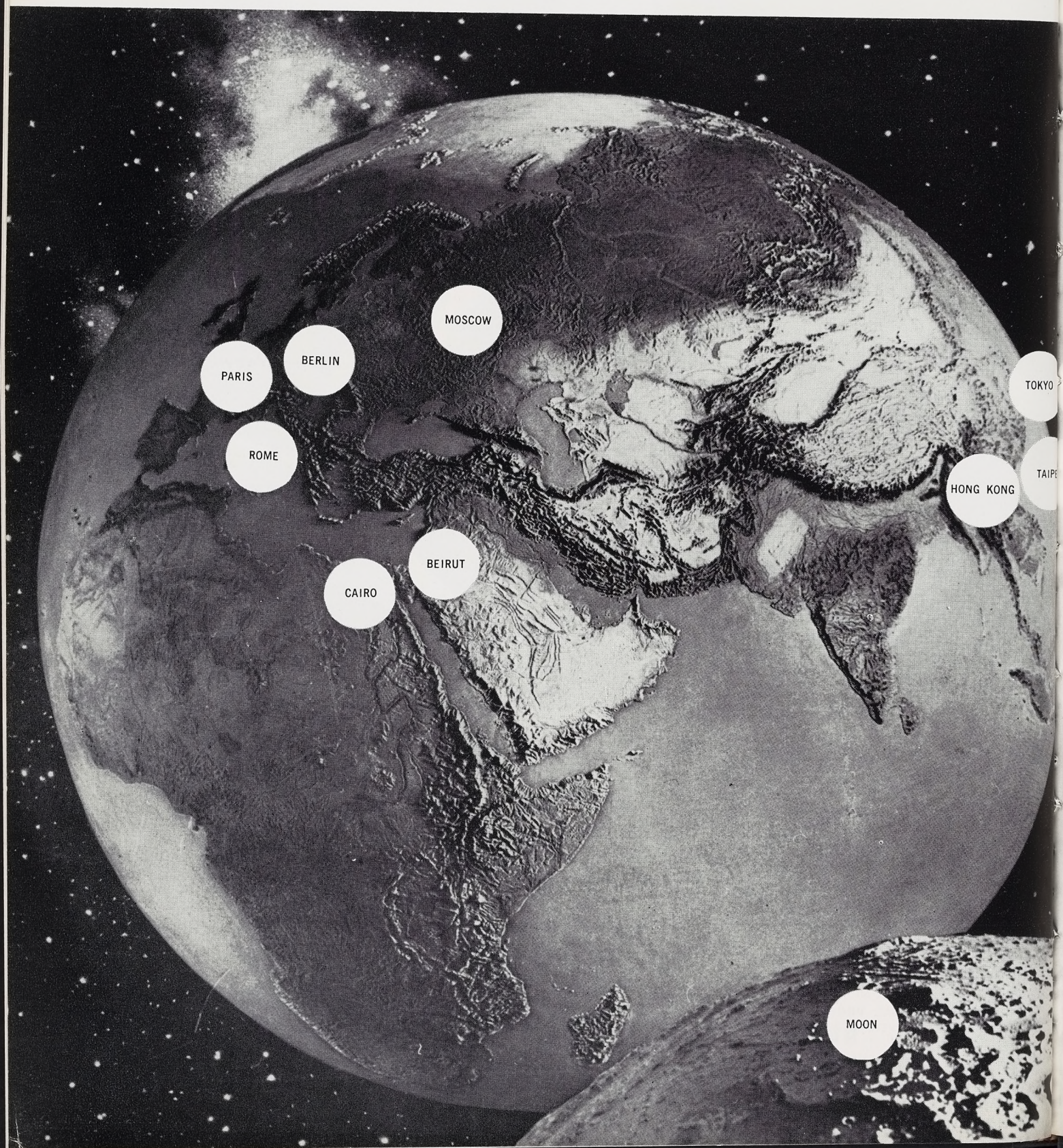
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DATELINE: 1959

WHAT IS A



PRESS CLUB?

Ask a question like that and you'll get a variety of answers, but there will be a certain similarity among the answers. The consensus among the noted authors mentioned here at the left appears to be that a press club is where you can get a drink and a really good press club is where the bartender not only supplies the drink but puts it on the cuff and lends you money so you can go somewhere else and eat. A press club is something that will never last, so there's no use trying to start one, because although newspapermen even when they get to be famous foreign correspondents are gregarious, they are not addicted to paying dues so they might as well go to some other saloon where they will meet the same old customers anyway. Look at the Overseas Press Club, for instance: It started twenty years ago but that doesn't prove it's permanent. They've got a building with a bar in it, but so had every other press club and look where they wound up. But hold. A press club is where you can tell those lies that nobody else will listen to. Of course, you'll have to listen to the other guy's lies too. But come the day, godfabbid, when you're broke and out of work, this press club, the OPC, can even get you a job (see page 32) and who else cares enough about you to do a thing like that? And if the OPC cares that much and if you're a member, maybe you too will get a drink on the cuff.

A composite answer to the question posed above is contributed to this handbook by a group of well-informed members of press clubs around the world and on the moon. Their essays fill the second most important pages of this 20th Anniversary issue of Dateline. It is to be hoped that the reader will note the shortcomings of other, more obscure press clubs than the one whose birthday we celebrate tonight and feel properly grateful to the founders, officers, committee chairmen and the host of others without whose generous gifts of time and effort the OPC would not be what it is today.

Best press club of all time

By CHESTER MORRISON *Look Magazine*

It was forbidden ground for women and press agents, there were no dues— naturally, it was too good to last.

Of course, this was all long ago and far from here, but there are elderly gentlemen still seeing the world who remember that once there was a press club so nearly perfect that a stranger looking for the first time at its dark paneled walls and its high smudged ceiling felt immediately at home.

No press agent, except maybe a couple of strays from the OWI, ever walked across the dark linoleum to the bar. No woman ever got through the heavy oak door, although Clare Boothe Luce was once permitted to peek in from the wide hallway that led past the door to the palm-shaded garden outside.

There were no elections, no committees, no dues or assessments. If some craven wanted to eat, he could go to places where such depravities were encouraged. This was truly a press club, the like of which may never have been seen before or since.

And so the Saracens, because they hated what they could not understand, burned it down to a heap of timber and broken glass. There was a brief attempt at phoenixism later, but that was only half-ashed, for this perfect press club was the Long Bar at Shepheard's, in Cairo.

In this place (though it is gone) stands Frank Gervasi, enshrined in five imperishable anapaestic lines as moving as the finest of his own prose:

A notorious jade in Benghazi
Had lain with a Turk and a Nazi,
A Wog and a Frog
And a razorback hog,
But she still drew the line at Gervasi.

Anecdotes are bred in such places. The Friends of China Club (from which the resident curate contributes the pastoral letter on Page 25) may live forever because of the peerless Ridley who received an urgent message from the London Daily Telegraph: "How long expect Formosa crisis continue" and who replied, after prayer and meditation: "Ball's not crystal."

But what of Alan Moorhead? Moorhead, who exhibited (with shame for his employers) a message from the London Daily Express: "File thousand words soonest will Egypt fight." On that dark day the Long Bar Press Club Advisory and Consolation service functioned superbly.

"Tell them," said Joe, from his station behind the bar, "Tell them No, no, one thousand times no." And Moorhead lives on in memory though he later forsook a noble profession for the material rewards of book-writing.

It was Joe Shialom who held the place together, kept the right tone, adjusted such differences as sometimes arose among the members of his flock. Joe, slender, deft, shifting lingual gears in mid-sentence when that was useful; Joe, the ministering angel who eased a thousand bursting heads with a desperate restorative he called The Suffering Bar Steward. Only Joe knows the proportions of that formidable mixture, but the ingredients were Cape brandy, Cyprus gin, lime juice and tabasco to taste. Ice was optional.

continued on page 50

DRAWINGS BY JOHN GROTH



And damn good ones, too, when you consider the kind of material he had to work with. John Groth has clocked more miles around the globe with a sketch pad than most word-men have covered with notebooks, yet he is one of the few picture wallahs who don't go around bragging about how many words a picture is worth. He did these for free anyway.



It had all the ingredients of a first-class press club.

The laughable press club

By RUSSELL HILL *Radio Free Europe*

When I was called upon for a piece about the Press Clubs of Berlin, I felt that a bit of historical research was indicated. Professor Edoardo Senatra, member of the executive committee of the Foreign Press Association of Berlin, and the undoubted if unofficial dean of the foreign press corps here, was my best source.

"Professor," I said, "you were here in the prehistoric —I mean, the pre-war days. Didn't our Association have a club then?"

"Oh, yes," he told me, "I remember it well. It was located in the Bellevue Strasse, in a gambling hell—back in 1926 or '27. Those were the days. The club was actually a front. That is, the club was in front, the gaming tables in back. We got the rooms for some laughable rent, like five marks a month. It was quite a good deal while it lasted."

"It didn't last long?"

"No." One night the police staged a *razzia*. The place was closed down. The Committee was quite embarrassed."



Pressclub? Ist lächerlich, Yank.

The Foreign Press Association never got back into the club business after the unfortunate affair in the Bellevue Strasse. The Nazi Government, however, hit on the idea that it would be good propaganda to fix up a club for the correspondents. The latter even profited from the inter-ministerial rivalry that existed at that time: the Foreign Office provided one club, in the Fasanen Strasse, and the Propaganda Ministry another, on the Leipziger Platz. Food and drink were available, at laughable rates, of course. Newspapermen being unscrupulous, they consumed the food and drink in large quantities and went back to their offices to write as unkind things about the Nazi government as they thought they could get away with.

In the early war days, the old-timers used to consider it good clean fun to regale any new member with stories about how the German war effort was bogging down, economic collapse was just around the corner, the tanks were made of thin cardboard, the submarine crews were revolting, and so on. All this in the Propaganda Ministry's own club. One of the newcomers took it in over a few drinks and then filed a hot scoop incorporating all this inside information. He got the story out, but it was his last one. About two days later, he got out, too.

At lunch time, which was from about one to four, most of the American correspondents used to congregate in the bar of the Adlon Hotel. Because of the wartime austerity, one could not order lunch after three. Joe Harsch, whose deadline was about two-thirty, used to arrive on a dead run at two minutes to three and call breathlessly for a menu. The other correspondents sat around placing wagers on whether he would make it. The kinder ones would save a bit of paté de foie gras and cold chicken for him in case he didn't.

Another haunt was an Italian restaurant named the Taverne, on the Nettlebeck Strasse. It was the only place in Berlin which was exempted from the curfew, and it stayed open practically all night. It was therefore popu-

continued on page 52



Leave it lay, there's no bulletin in it.

Avec la plume sous la table

By JOE DYNAN *Associated Press*

In France, they say, there are as many political parties as there are Frenchmen and that's just about the honest-to-gallic truth. And newsmen in France seem to have absorbed much of the country's individualism. Nearly every correspondent in the City of Light has his own little dark corner where the drinks are better, the patron more genial, the ambiance more cozy or the credit (an important item these days) easier . . .

So, there is no press club in Paris as the term is understood in New York or Tokyo or San Francisco or Rome. Paris being Paris, it is unlikely there ever will be. The Anglo-American press association is doing well if it can get a gang of English-writing newsmen together once a month for a working lunch to hear some prominent personality of the day, and once a year for its annual banquet.

Still, like Frenchmen in politics, newsmen in Paris do have their poles of attraction, their *alliances de convenance,* their *lieux de rendezvous,* their makeshift coalitions. An offhand list would include five or six from the Royal Lieu beneath the UPI offices in Rue des Italiens east of the Opera, to the California bar many blocks west across the street from the Herald-Tribune building in the Rue de Berri.

In between, there's Harry's New York Bar, the corner bistro in Rue Caumartin across the street from the New York Times, the Crillon bar across the street from the American embassy and Le Tangage around the corner from the Herald-Trib in the Rue de Ponthieu. Many a visiting reporter has been lost for days trying to find old friends, perhaps even get a fill-in on politics, museums or night life, along that circuit. It's one of the most hazardous obstacle courses in all creation, studded as it is with boobytraps like the Lido nightclub and laced with enticing byways leading off to Montmartre, Pigalle, Montparnasse, the Folies Bergere and so forth. Not to mention equally attractive detours to expensive eateries like the Tour d'Argent, to ultra-chic shops along the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore, or, just for kicks, to things like the Louvre (that's a museum).

The fastest way to make the circuit is to put yourself in the hands of a Paris veteran who has been up those beguiling trails all too many times already. If he's still able to see and walk he'll keep you from straying and keep you from spending too much. It's even cheaper if he picks up the tab.

Chances are, since the city has been moving west for several decades, you'll be staying somewhere around the Champs-Elysees. If you're on full expenses, you might even scrounge a suite in the George V hotel but it's best not to push your luck too far. Since you're in the neighborhood you might as well start your course at the California bar. Besides, from there it's all down hill, an important point.

The California bar is the liquid side of the hotel of the same name. You may wonder why you shouldn't stay in the California and thus save yourself a difficult trip across the Champs-Elysees. For one thing, since the California bar is a newsman's hangout, your private life while in Paris will be just a figure of speech. Also, while draped over the bar deep in discussion or reminiscence with one of your colleagues, you will find it all too easy for you, and for them, too, to just sing out your room number to the barman when the checks are being tallied.

If your luck with the management is so bad as to land you in a front room on the fifth, sixth or seventh

continued on page 54

DATELINE: **HONG KONG**

Under the bamboo tree

TO A TOURIST passing through, Hong Kong is the city like no other on earth. To correspondents who remain here on more or less permanent assignment, it is a stockade from which one may look upon but not enter China, where the news is made. The press club, which now has a membership of 202 in all categories, is a continuation of the club that thrived until 1950 in Shanghai's celebrated Broadway Mansions. It does have a picturesque setting, overlooking the kaleidoscope of Hong Kong harbor, and it lacks none of the amenities available in one of the world's most sophisticated cities. Like the Colony itself, it is sedate and civilized with few of the outward manifestations of the rollicking no-tomorrow atmosphere characteristic of some other establishments of its kind. When the State Department unleashes the hostages held here, the club may relapse into even softer somnolence.



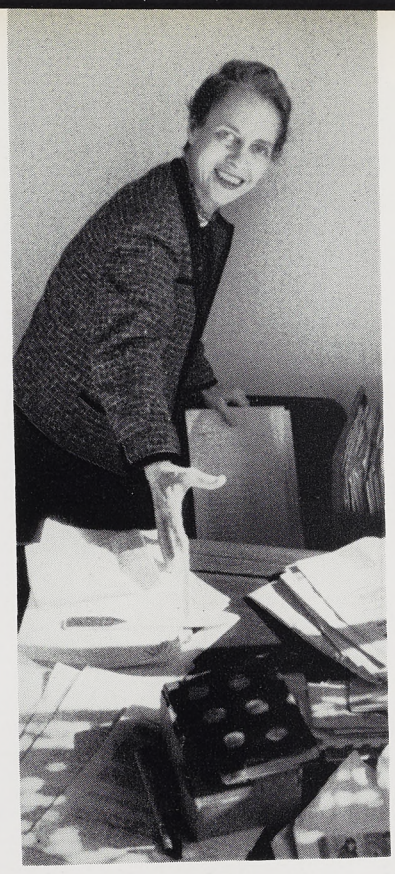
Peggy Durdin (Tillman's wife) is one of the few here who speak Chinese well—a useful accomplishment for her present work as a freelance writer.



She does not necessarily do all her marketing at the sidewalk stalls, but even for an old hand Hong Kong's streets are fascinating.

Photographed by BRIAN BLAKE, Magnum.





The Durdin flat,
like most here, is also a
part-time workshop.



Ships from the world's more prosaic ports nudge
their way among the junks and sampans of Hong Kong harbor,
spread below the terrace restaurant of the press club.

In such a street an American correspondent is as
close as he can get to Mainland China.

In consultation with well-informed sources, these thinkers count the thumping heartbeat of the Mysterious East.



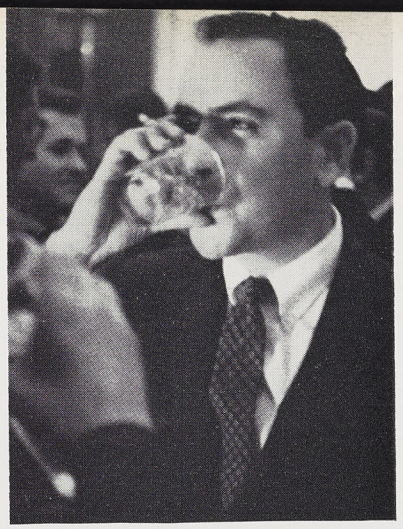
Mrs. Durdin at work, with friends, without typewriter.



The olive is lowered into the martini with chopsticks.







This is one I heard in
Manila, it seems there was
this traveling maglalako
and he was caught in a



typhoon just as he came to
a lonely rice paddy
and he said to the magsasaka
can I mag-ki-ki-tu-loy



nang isang gabi?
(have you heard this one?)
and the Magsasaka
said you'll have to sleep



with anak-na-babae,
so the maglalako
said any port in ulan
Oh ha ha ha haw haw!

La stampa estera

By CURTIS PEPPER *Newsweek*



Since then dogs have been excluded

Some months ago a battle royal split the foreign press club in Rome. The issue was whether to have a pingpong table.

The only possible place for the table was in the main salon—a vast, marble-floored hall with little islands of low tables and armchairs for members and guests. The bar is also there, a warm, bright beach off to one side.

The anti-pingpong crowd charged it would be impossible for any man to have a decent drink or talk with dignity while being subjected to the racket of bouncing white balls.

The pro-pingpongers claimed a bit of play was relaxing, the club was too quiet anyway, and only a man suffering from the world's worst hangover could protest an occasional ping off to one corner. What's more, any member in such a lamentable condition could appeal to players who would stop all ball banging in deep, heart-felt sympathy.

At the height of the debate, Reynolds Packard shoved up to the bar and pushed aside all talk of hangovers and human dignity.

"The question," he said, "is whether this is a club for two-fisted newspapermen or a little circle of intellectual journalists."

The pingpong battle is over, the table banished. But Packard's question was never resolved. Nor does it appear it can be, since the duality or multiplicity he cited is inherent in an assignment to Rome, is interwoven into the press corps, and thus is a part of the club itself.

Rome is a resident base for many correspondents covering not only Italy and the Vatican, but also the Mid-East and North Africa. For non-resident newsmen enroute one way or another, it is a good communications hub where you can file without censorship but with such civilized aides as cafè espresso.

Rome is also a refuge for political exiles writing in a dozen languages for publications around the world on everything from saints to socialism. The city is an equally popular spot for junkets, conventions and movie-making. Finally it's a good town to write that book, or re-write a lousy third act while knocking off magazine articles.

The result of all this is the damndest collection of journalists in the world, all of them coming and going, and all using the facilities and bar of the Stampa Estera.

That is how the press club is generally called. It comes from Associazione della Stampa Estera in Italia, or Association of the Foreign Press in Italy.

There are 236 members from 33 nations, including four from the Soviet Union, 38 from the U. S. Only 163 are full-time professionals. The rest are press attaches, part time newsmen, public relations chiefs who have restricted rights but full bar privileges.

Full membership costs $38.40 yearly. You get a lot for that. Working facilities on the second floor are tantamount to one vast newsroom. There are 58 desks and 10 phones with a special operator for international calls on a priority basis. There is a running wire service (ANSA), plus 16 other mimeographed news services. The library has 76 dailies and weeklies, from all over the world.

Among the six Italian employees there are several specialized in running the blockade of government red tape—getting visas, train reduction booklets, theater

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Number 1 Shimbun alley

By KEYES BEECH *Chicago Daily News*

The fact must be faced that the Tokyo Correspondents Club, more formally known as the Foreign Correspondents Club of Japan, Inc., has become an institution.

Whether this is good or bad depends upon the individual's point of view. And the point of view varies in direct relation to the correspondent's length of service in the Far East.

True, the club address is still the same—No. 1 Shimbun Alley—which is officially recognized by the Japanese postal authorities. But that is about all that hasn't changed.

To a handful of old-timers, casting a baleful eye on the modernistic cocktail bar decor of the club in its new quarters, the Tokyo press corps has succumbed to the corrupting influence of respectability. Small children have been observed in the bar lapping up milk shakes. And not one naked girl was displayed at the thirteenth anniversary party in November, 1958. Instead they came wrapped in cellophane.

The dingy five-story building that was home to two generations of war correspondents is now a flourishing restaurant. The present club is only a bottle's throw from the old, but it is separated in time by millions of light years.

Long gone is the mad Australian who kept a box of grenades under his bed and on festive occasions hurled them against the wall of the Soviet billet next door; or, in a pensive mood, contented himself with watching strapping blonde Russian girls taking their showers without pulling the shades.

Gone is the fabulous Blodgett (the name, of course, is fictitious) whose head made a dent in the old press club bar when he spoke reprovingly to a rugged paratroooper; or who fired a .45 into the elevator door a split-second after the Japanese operator closed it.

Of the nearly 100 correspondents who put up $100 apiece to found the old club in October, 1945, only six are still around. They are Ernie Hoberecht, vice-president of UPI for Asia; Pepper Martin of U. S. News & World Report; Leon Prou of Agence France Presse; Karl Bachmeyer of Vision; Robert Guillain of Le Monde, back after a long absence; and George Thomas Folster, now retired from NBC but still living in Tokyo. Other OPC members active in the Tokyo club were Howard Handleman, first president of the club; Connie Ryan, secretary; Bob Cochrane, of the Baltimore Sun, manager; and Frank Kelley, of the New York Herald Tribune, a member of the Board.

Although not a founding father, elder statesman Hessell Tiltman, O.B.E., is the undisputed dean of the Tokyo press corps. Former club president, correspondent of the Manchester Guardian and contributor to the Washington Post and Times-Herald, Tiltman first came to Japan in 1934 for a five-year tour, returned in December 1946.

But if the halcyon days of World War II are gathering cobwebs, the same can be said of the Korean war only five years later. Of the hundreds of correspondents who passed through the portals of the old club during the Korean war, only 20 remain. Most, of course, came not to stay but to cover the war. Many would have liked to stay,

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It was a time of peaceful co-existence

Bedlam in the Sanctuary

By TOM STREITHORST *Time-Life*

Even in normal times Beirut is an anarchical town. The houses have no numbers. Few of the streets have names. Telephone numbers listed in the Beirut directory are usually two years out of date at the time of publication. The government policy toward the foreign press consists of ignoring it. By Middle Eastern standards, however, Beirut is an easy place to work. If there are no officials to help, at least there are none to hinder.

What reporters living in the Lebanese jungle have found essential is a sanctuary, a clean, well-lighted place where that Middle Eastern rarity, impersonal efficiency, is available. For the past ten years, the Hotel St. Georges has filled the role of sanctuary. It is the place where reporters come to pick up cables, mail, telephone messages and rumors. Unquestionably pack instinct plays a major part in maintaining the St. Georges as unchallenged headquarters of the American press. Other major Beirut hotels are more modern and cheaper. But the St. Georges has always been the meeting place since Beirut became a news center. Besides if everybody operates out of the same hotel, it's easier to keep an eye on the competition.

The St. Georges is frequented by the best informed people in the Arab world. Diplomats, oil men, sheikhs from the Persian Gulf, CIA spooks, politicians in power and those in flight, all pass through. Arabs from Baghdad or Damascus talk more frankly in the St. Georges bar than they do back home. The St. Georges bar rumors are not reliable, but they are the latest rumors. An Arab tipster named Abu Said is renowned as one of the Arab world's most knowledgeable, up-to-the-minute people. Itinerant reporters passing through Beirut pump Abu Said before going on to Baghdad, Damascus or Amman. But Abu Said hasn't been outside Lebanon since 1956. He keeps ahead of the news by diligently working his beat at the St. Georges, seventy yards between the bar and the barber shop.

The crisis last May found Lebanese officialdom totally unequipped for policing a press corps which knew its way around. Lebanon normally has a free press; hence the government had no qualified press censors. A couple of film censors were recruited. Their previous concerns had been with how much of Brigitte Bardot's bosom to

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And how does it feel, going into combat . . . ?

We come twelve, like you say, okay?



DATELINE: **TAIPEI**

All Friends of China

By GREG MacGREGOR *New York Times*

The Friends of China Club in Taipei might be considered as a working outpost of the Hong Kong club. Although the FOCC (as it is more familiarly called) is actually a private club, it began as a press center and was named by Clyde Farnsworth, then with Scripps-Howard, after it had been a hostel for General Claire Chennault's Civil Air Transport.

In periods of pressure, such as the Tachen Islands evacuations, the U.S. Embassy riots and the Quemoy flareup, antics of weary newsmen trying to find distraction from long hours or days in the turbulent Taiwan Strait were sometimes bizarre.

One of the printable but understandably unpopular incidents as far as the residents of Taiwan were concerned, dealt with the conduct of an eccentric correspondent for a leading publication. On the day in question, the long-bathless newsman was returning with a guide from a trying trip in the southern Formosan mountains.

Emerging from the damp and mouldy jungle, he met a heavily tatooed aborigine in a village. With a combination of sign language and Hokka dialect, the native indicated that he had something to sell.

The correspondent peered into the man's basket and stared into the eyes of an indignant eight-foot python. After the first surprise and after much haggling, the python joined the correspondent en route to the FOCC.

An idea formed for subtle vengeance against British colleagues who had perpetrated a series of practical jokes on their American friend. His hope was to catch the Britishers in a state of no pain and somehow scare the daylights out of them with his new pet.

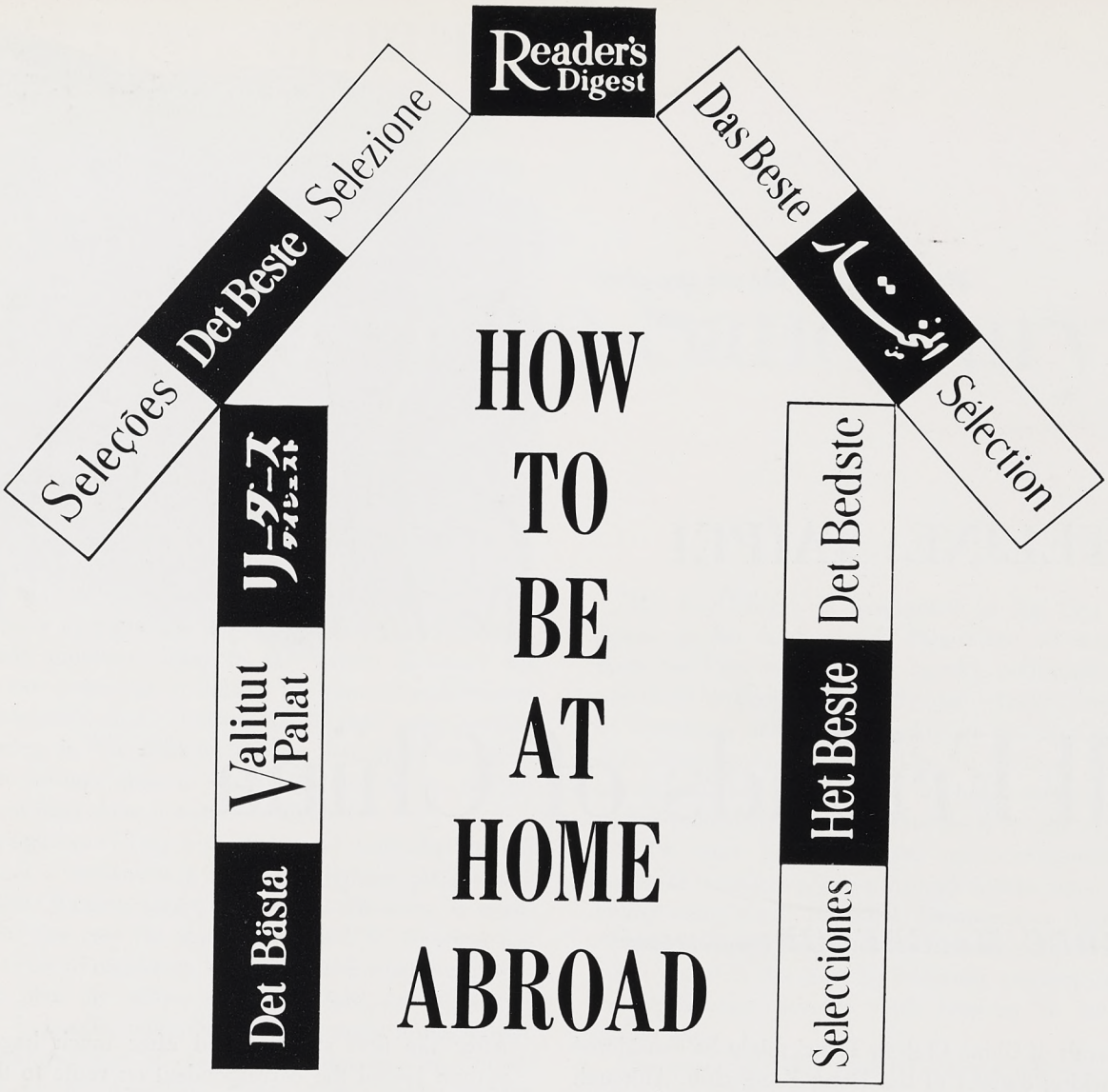
After arrival in the FOCC, the reptile succumbed to the warm atmosphere and lack of dampness in the correspondent's room and settled down for a siesta in his basket.

Meanwhile, the bathed and refreshed American newsman began his scheming. During the dinner hour he learned that a party had been planned in the bar for later in the evening. The bar in the FOCC is joined to a less frequently used lounge. The lounge is furnished with spacious divans.

Shortly after 11 P. M., the correspondent cased the lounge. It was abandoned. With considerable effort he unwound the sleeping reptile and arranged its length along the divan cushions in a terrifying pattern. Then he covered the lethargic coils with copies of the London Times and went into the bar.

His plot was simple and basic. He would lure his British friends into the lounge with the promise of "setting

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Dear Foreign Correspondent:

Wherever your overseas beat may be, here's one way to feel at home. Join the world's largest "club"—70,000,000 folks in more than 100 countries who read the Reader's Digest in one or another of the 13 languages* in which it is published.

Like them, you'll find it an entertaining way to keep up with much of the most interesting current thought and writing—to know more about vital developments back home and to penetrate more deeply into the life of the people in the countries on your beat.

Sincerely,

THE READER'S DIGEST
Pleasantville, New York

* ARABIC, DANISH, DUTCH, ENGLISH, FINNISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, JAPANESE NORWEGIAN, PORTUGUESE, SPANISH, SWEDISH.



Brother, can you spare a handout?

Nobody tells you anything

By IRVING R. LEVINE
National Broadcasting Company

The Press Club in Moscow is called "*Dom Zhurnalistov*," or "House of Journalists," and the 14 American correspondents accredited in Russia are invited only for very special occasions.

Where other more frivolous press clubs may feature dances, bingo parties, and movies, the "*Dom Zhurnalistov*" prefers a more serious type of event.

Foreign correspondents, for example, were invited on one occasion to make the acquaintance of a quartet of unsmiling Soviet citizens. The Russians seated on the stage of the main hall recited in monotone details of how "American imperialist spy organizations" had tried to recruit their services. These men were among the crew of the Soviet tanker "*Tuapse*" captured by the Formosa Chinese. It was a lurid story replete with accounts of how they'd been beaten by Chinese under the direction of "American beasts." It made the American guests of the club feel the warm glow of their hosts' hospitality. It was a typical event on the Moscow Press Club calendar.

Once a year, though, American and other foreign correspondents are invited to the "*Dom Zhurnalistov*" for a more festive occasion. This is for the annual Soviet "Press Day," an occasion for editorials in *Pravda* and *Izvestia* assuring Soviet citizens that they enjoy a freedom of the press unknown in benighted capitalist countries where such bourgeois indulgences as differences of opinion are permitted in the columns of newspapers. During the "Press Day" cocktail party, representatives of the Foreign Ministry's Press Department, an inordinately elusive group of gentlemen the rest of the year when correspondents seek their help in interviewing officials, shake hands robustly with capitalist correspondents and lift glasses of vodka to *mir* and *drushba* (peace and friendship). At least, they used to. Now that Nikita Krushchev has inaugurated his campaign against alcoholism and speaks of limiting drinkers to one small one of an evening, it may be that Soviet tomato juice with its unmistakable taste of the tin can will be the most potent drink at the next "Press Day."

This Moscow Press Club has no bar, but does have one of Moscow's few outdoor restaurants—a small and not unpleasant place under an arbor where the "beef stroganoff" is not much worse than elsewhere in town. The club also used to have a heroic-size statue of Stalin on its main staircase landing, but that disappeared immediately after Krushchev's speech denouncing his predecessor.

Although it's not precisely a club, the Central Telegraph Office in Gorky Street is the place where American correspondents congregate most frequently. It's not that we like the place. We have no choice.

The hosts at the Central Telegraph Office belong to an endearing organization known as *Glavleet*—an abbreviation for a series of words that may loosely be translated as "Main Literary Office."

These are rather unusual hosts in that they are never seen. They are the Soviet censors. They remain behind a door from which an occasional correspondent under nervous stress claims to have heard blood-curdling laughter as the censor greedily applies his (or her) black pencil to the news dispatch submitted by the correspondent.

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DATELINE: 1969

Press club on the moon

By *ANSEL E. TALBERT* *Flight Safety Foundation*

It is now official that the United States will start building a military and scientific base on the Moon by 1969 at the latest. Gen. H. A. Boushey, Air Force Director of Advanced Technology, says so. The development could come earlier if the Russians get to the Moon first and begin staking out real estate for Lunar collective farms and borscht combines.

This news should start old war horses in the overseas correspondent business snorting and pawing the earth while shopping for space ship coveralls and light pressure Moon suits. Clearly, it's time to think about the organization and requirements of the first press club for space correspondents who will accompany this nation's astronauts exploring the far side of the Moon.

Along with a majority of Overseas Press Club members, this correspondent has enjoyed the privileges and problems of a score of raffish institutions around the Earth bearing the designation "Press Club." They have included establishments in Tokyo during the Korean War; Berlin during and before the Air Lift; Paris during the Liberation; Rome—before and after Mussolini—and others in such unlikely spots as Ice Island T-3 when it was floating near the North Pole, and that garden spot at the bottom of the world, McMurdo Sound, Antarctica.

They all had a certain similarity and those in outer space will not be much different. Their most rewarding characteristic was that they offered, regardless of war, blockade or other annoying circumstances, an abundance of alcoholic beverages and limitless good fellowship and conviviality, the latter often stretched to include managing editors passing through and junketing members of the advertising staff and business office. In Tokyo this stood up even when Randolph Churchill hit the jackpot on the only slot machine in the club that paid off in silver dollars.

The lunar club's bar problem after the exploratory landings may not prove too serious. There are apparently authentic reports that Lawrence Blochman, OPC expert on mixology and cocktail recipes, already has begun experimentation, and found that ethyl and methyl alcohol —capable of being used commonly with liquid oxygen as a lunar space ship propellant—make better than a middling martini after only cursory amateur purification treatment. Under all circumstances they are likely to prove more healthful ingredients than some of the "jungle juice" consumed by correspondents in the Pacific during World War II. Bob Considine certainly can be counted upon for a "Lunar Coffee" special.

One matter likely to cause brief but only passing worry to over-age and overweight candidates for the Lunar Press Club is the impressive standard set up generally for American space pioneers by T. Keith Glennan, head of the new United States space agency.

Lunar and outer space astronauts must be in "superb condition" with physical and psychological attributes necessary for space flight as agreed upon by the nation's aero medical scientists. This calls for "men younger than 40 and no taller than 5 feet 11 inches." Such discriminatory measuring theoretically will bar Frank Holeman, Daily News and former Washington National Press Club President, who is 6 feet 7, and others of similar altitude. But who seriously believes that when the blast off of Lunar Space Ship Number One, carrying press, takes place from Space Station United States 1,000 miles above the earth sometime around early 1969, that Frank won't be there? After the landing on the Moon three days later, that First Lunar Press Club will resemble Number One Shimbun Alley on the day in June, 1950, when the first wave of several hundred correspondents hit Tokyo, apparently as the result of a simultaneous start from all parts of the world. Homer Bigart will be on hand and Hal Boyle and Bob Ruark and all the rest. The arrival of "Atom Bomb Bill" Laurence to do a special on nuclear and gravitational effects can be expected. A guy who can lift only twenty-five pounds in each hand will be able to throw his mother-in-law over his shoulder on the Moon, which may not be a bad idea.

The inflatable "Moon Suit" currently recommended will be worn at all times while there . If this creates certain problems, it at least should reassure correspondent's earth-bound wives. There should be no possibility—or cause—

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Composmograph by Milt Caniff, Daily Lunar



Anybody who thinks anything has been left out of this plan can take it up with the chaplain.

Real life story of the OPC

By BURNET HERSHEY *Past President OPC*

A first sign of oncoming old age in an overseas reporter is a yearning to write the story of his life or, at least, to tell long anecdotes about it. The same urge stirs in the breast of an aging press club and, as club life-spans go (especially press clubs!) twenty years is a heap older than your eight-year-old cocker spaniel.

The way we've heard it, the Archives Committee has just spent a year (and $42) digging into the paleolithic dust-heap and has come up with hardly a trace of the dawn of OPC history. A few fragments emerged from the excavations: a fossilized jawbone, undoubtedly some World War I correspondent found in the wine-cellar of the Algonquin; a once glossy 8x10 of Kaltenborn introducing a luncheon speaker; a 1941 OPC Who's Who; a package of election ballots, circa 1940; and a dozen mimeographed copies of President Lowell Thomas' annual report, year obliterated.

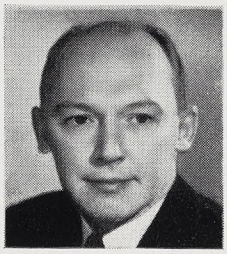
Because of the perishability of man it is rare to find any part of man himself surviving from such remote antiquity, but we found him, and he became our chief reliance for the establishment of the true facts relating to the conception, birth and parenthood of the Overseas Press Club. Perhaps here and now on this 20th Anniversary is the right time to straighten out this first chapter in our story.

The idea for a club composed of American foreign correspondents who were no longer overseas was conceived by a reporter who had pounded the Paris-Berlin-Moscow beat—Charlie Ferlin. He confessed recently that its original concept was a press agent's gimmick to drum up business for a defunct restaurant—The Montparnasse in Greenwich Village (and Charlie Ferlin). It failed as a gimmick, but two years later, Charlie—a gregarious and convivial guy—was in a saloon with his drinking companion, the late Sam Dashiell. The embryo of an ex-correspondents club emerged over the glasses. These two

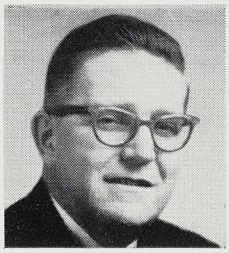
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Thomas Whitney
President



Henry Cassidy
Vice President



John Wilhelm
Vice Pres. & Treas.



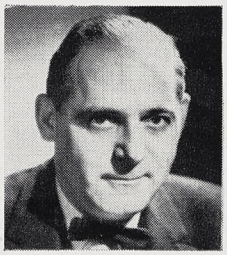
Inez Robb
Vice President



John Luter
Secretary



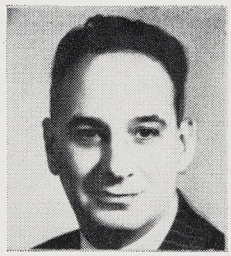
Pauline Frederick



Ben Grauer



Lawrence LeSueur



Will Oursler



William Safire



Harrison Salisbu

Assistant to the President: James H. Sheldon

Assistant Treasurer: Nathan R. Caine

But they, while their companions slept, were toiling upward in the night of April the ten, 1939.

just didn't like to drink alone.

Dashiell, who ferried between France and North Africa for United Press and knew by their first names a score of American newsmen floating around New York, drew up a list. Ferlin, too, had compiled a roster—almost 100 ex-correspondents back from the Spanish civil war, the reparations conferences and the Paris, Vienna, Rome and Berlin bureaus. It was the day of the penny postal card and it cost only $2 "just to find out." A phone call to Greenwich, Conn., brought Wythe Williams, then editor of the *Greenwich Times*, to that first Sunday brunch at the Algonquin Hotel. He liked the idea. So did Irene Kuhn and Mary Knight, back from assignments in the Far East. With Fay Wells, Sonia Tamara, Carol Weld and Geraldine Sartain, they were founding mothers of the OPC. The *accouchement* was brief and painless, thanks to the Scotch and bourbon supplied by the late Frank Case, the highly literate proprietor of the Algonquin.

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coring countries, it was announced.

NEWSPAPER MEN TO MEET

Former American Correspondents Abroad to Organize

Former American newspaper correspondents who have served in many foreign countries will form the Overseas Press Club Sunday at a noon breakfast at the Hotel Algonquin.

The committee on organization announced yesterday that active membership would be open to all former foreign correspondents of American daily newspapers and news-gathering organizations, with associate membership open to correspondents still active on the foreign news front and honorary membership awarded to leaders in world affairs whom the club wishes to honor.

Among the former foreign correspondents who have been invited to become charter members are Leland Stowe, Larry Rue, W. W. Chaplin, James L. Kilgallen, Jack Oestreicher, Wilbur Forrest, John Kobler, Hudson Hawley, Evans, Victor Eubank, Reavis, Earl Johnson, Moore, Rex Smith, Joseph lips, Guy Hickok, Frank Edd Johnson, Ernest L. Me gar Calmer, Dorothy Th Edwin L. James, Georg Robert Barry, Whit Burd tha Foley, Eugene Lyo Israels 2d, Lamar Walker Mathieson, Jay V. Kaltenborn, Raymo Swing, Ludwig Lore, Wa mann, Wythe Williams, T Morgan, Harold Stearn Keemle and Arthur Robb.

Governor

PRESS GROUP MEETS HERE

'Overseas Club' Gives Program for Former Correspondents

An organization of former American newspaper correspondents, temporarily known as the Overseas Press Club, was instituted informally yesterday at a noon breakfast in the Hotel Algonquin. Wythe Williams, chairman of the group, declared that the organization would not sponsor any "causes," but would be concerned mainly with the social and cultural interests of its members.

A committee including Eugene Lyons, Charles R. Ferlin, Irene Kuhn, Samuel Dashiell and Mr. Williams was appointed to draw up by-laws and a new title for the club.

The New York Times made judicious note of the temporary nature of the new enterprise.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS



Robert Conway



Norman Cousins



John Day

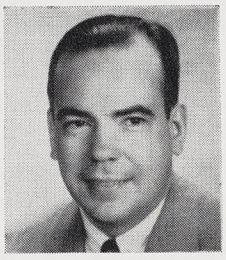


Richard de Rochemont

ALTERNATES



Sigrid Schultz



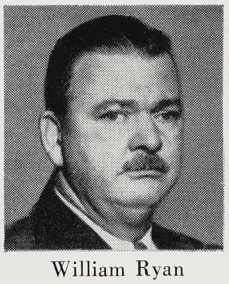
Ansel Talbert



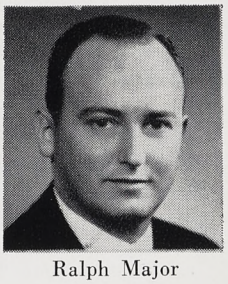
Will Yolen



Matthew Huttner



William Ryan



Ralph Major

PAST PRESIDENTS: Cecil Brown, W. W. Chaplin, Robert Considine, John Daly, William P. Gray, Burnet Hershey, Frank Kelley, Lucian Kirtland, Louis Lochner, Eugene Lyons, Wayne Richardson, J. Clifford Stark, Lowell Thomas, Wythe Williams (deceased).

What the OPC has to offer

By JOHN WILHELM *Vice President of the OPC*

Among the press clubs of the world, there undoubtedly are those that are larger or older than the Overseas Press Club in New York, but few would contest its position as one of the truly dynamic forces in journalism today.

Created just twenty years ago by a group of onetime foreign correspondents, still mindful of their overseas days and anxious to perpetuate something of their past exciting posts, the Overseas Press Club, somewhat to the astonishment of its founders, rapidly became an organization with a fully apparent force and purpose of its own. It has continued to move forward and grow.

Numbering more than 2,000 members today, including by substantial margin over half of all active foreign correspondents now on overseas assignments for American media, there is little dispute that it is also the most glamorous press club in the United States—a luster which comes from its many distinguished members.

Through its heavy iron grill doors on 39th Street, off Park Avenue, enter the well-known foreign correspondents of this year and years past. The most famous voice from wartime London is a member, as is probably the world's most traveled lecturer and producer of films from far-off places. A group of onetime Quai D'orsay correspondents remember days on the Paris Herald over frequent lunches.

CORRESPONDENTS FUND

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Lloyd Stratton

The China crowd inclines to gather in the bar and talk about the old China Press and Hankow Herald. Days of the Adlon and Unter den Linden are remembered, too, by yet another group.

More important than this nostalgia, perhaps, are the more hurried visits from present-day correspondents coming home from Hong Kong, Tokyo, London, Beirut, Paris or Bonn for panel shows or home leave. The treacherous Hong Kong news sources, the threatening Tokyo income tax, the interesting new bar maid in London's King and Keys, a suspicious visitor to the St. Georges lobby in Beirut, the forthcoming Bordeaux corkage, the latest German press conference in Bonn, Darrell Berrigan's new house boy in Bangkok—these are the commonplaces of conversation in the Overseas Press Club bar.

And the problems and interests of the Overseas Press Club itself are just as globe-girdling.

A distressing press law in Turkey, the banning of a Time correspondent in Manila, the censorship in Haiti, questionable junkets to Cuba, and such tragic episodes as the death of a correspondent in Singapore are matters with which the club must deal if it is to uphold its charter "to encourage the highest standards of independence, democracy and professional skill in the American foreign press service."

The Overseas Press Club's Freedom of the Press Committee stands ever vigilant to take up the battle for American correspondents on a moment's notice. Within hours of some restrictive action halfway around the world, a cable of protest goes forth from the Overseas Press Club. Many such protests, coupled with other actions, have been effective. The release of the AP's William Oatis from prison in Czechoslovakia, the release of NBC's Dick Applegate from China, the lifting of censorship in Haiti, or the removal of restrictions which shut down the Rome American are typical.

To keep its scattered members aware of these activities, the OPC publishes the Overseas Press Bulletin weekly which goes by air mail to seven continents each Friday. To some, it is the closest link to home and a far better

continued on page 79

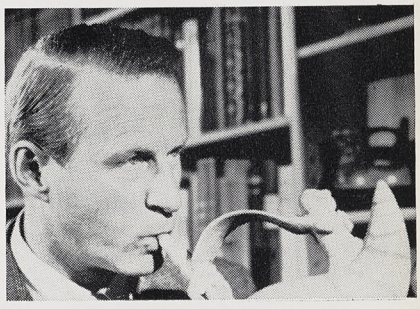


The colonnaded building in the foreground is the club's latest addition to the 39th Street headquarters.

At frequent intervals the club entertains and is entertained by distinguished persons who come to dinner and remain to talk. Among last year's guests were Mrs. Roosevelt, Bert Parks, Col. Philip Cochran, Milton Caniff, Thor Heyerdahl, Allen Dulles, Olivia de Havilland and her husband Pierre Galante.









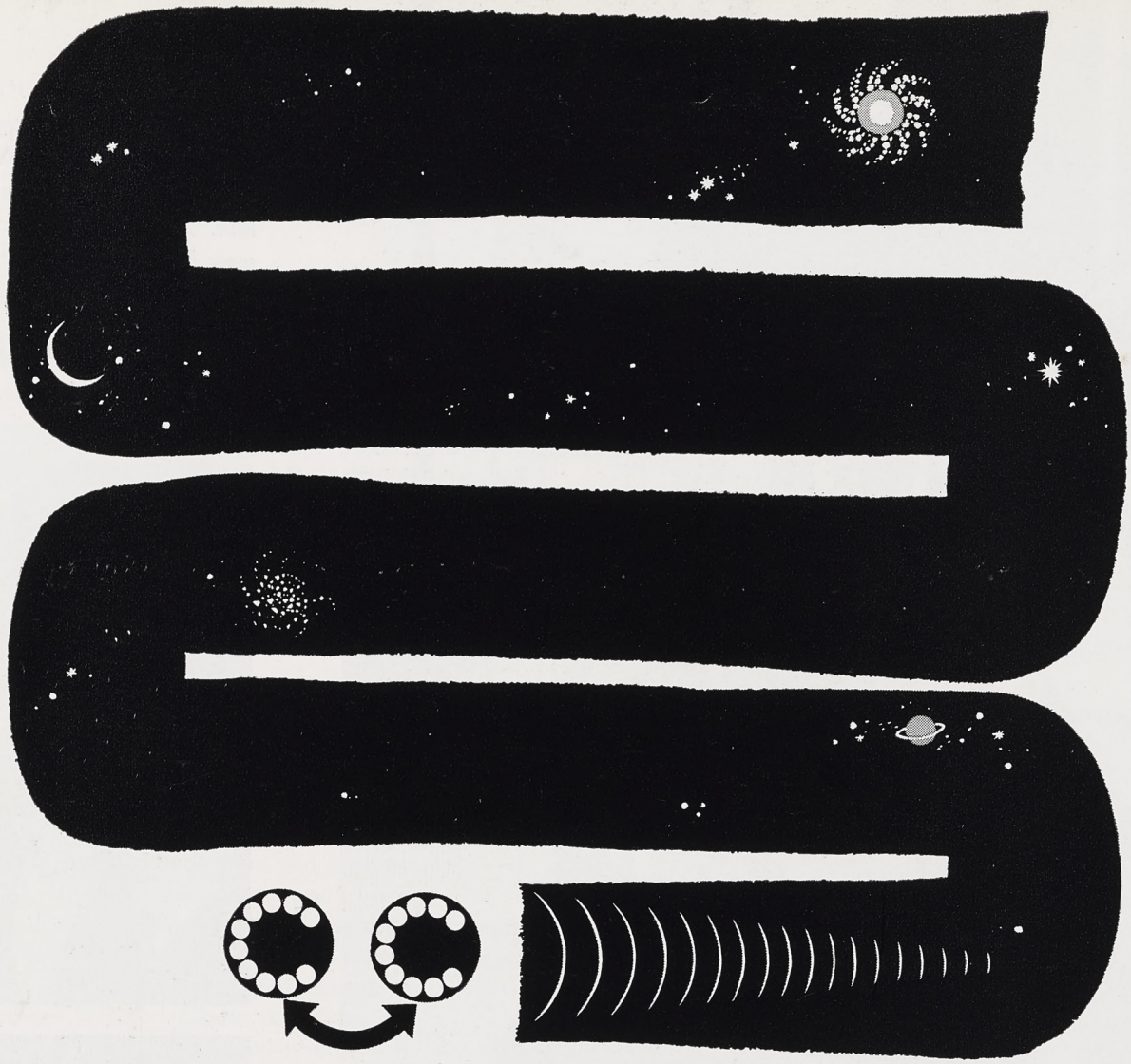


Bunch of editors editing the Overseas Press Bulletin, a sprightly hebdomadal.



Group of thinkers figuring out something the Board of Governors referred to committee.





FROM INTER-OFFICE TO OUTER SPACE...

The telephone rings. You lift it and talk to an associate in the next office.

A countdown reaches zero at Cape Canaveral. Minutes later a new satellite radios its position . . . in orbit a hemisphere away.

One of these events is today commonplace . . . the other, still spectacular. To the 128,000 men and women of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, both are episodes in a never-ending drama called *communications*.

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At ITT communications is submarine cable, radio-telegraph, microwaves beamed over valleys and seas. At the world's great airports, it is the Instrument Landing System. It is TACAN and VORTAC, electronic air-navigation safety aids for civil and military flying.

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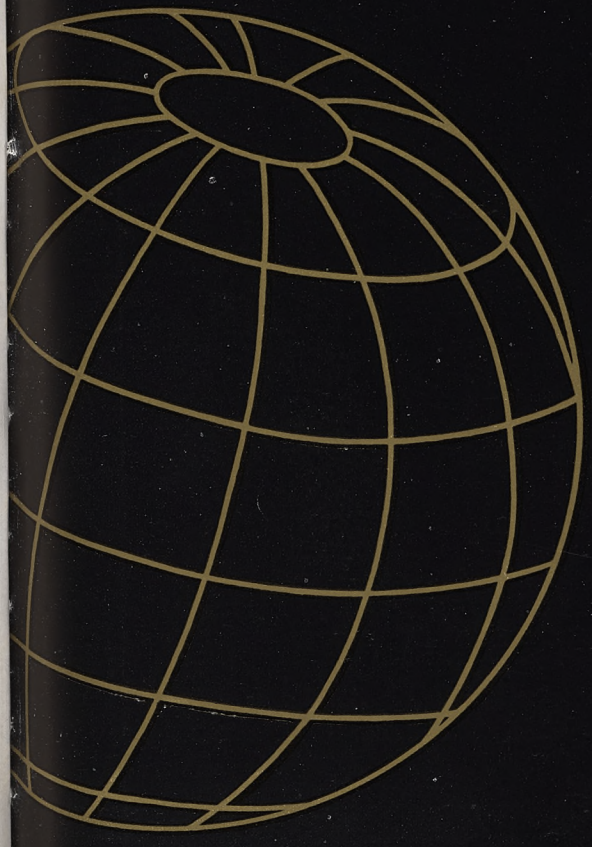
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OPC AWARDS 1959



Class 1. Best press reporting, daily or wire, from abroad.

Class 2. Best radio or television reporting from abroad.

Class 3. Best photographic reporting (still) from abroad.

Class 4. Best photographic reporting (motion picture) from abroad.

Class 5. Best magazine reporting of foreign affairs.

Class 6. Best American press interpretation of foreign affairs.

Class 7. Best American radio or television interpretation of foreign affairs.

Class 8. Best book on foreign affairs.

Class 9. The Robert Capa award for superlative photography requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad.

Class 10. The George Polk Memorial Award for the best reporting requiring exceptional courage and interpretation abroad.

OPC AWARD

BEST PRESS REPORTING FROM ABROAD

To Bob Considine for coverage of the death of Pope Pius XII and the election and coronation of Pope John XXIII.



In reporting these historic events, says the citation for this award, "Bob Considine succeeded in providing both a sense of timeliness and timelessness, blending the passing present and the ageless past into one harmonious pattern and, thus, once again living up to the highest standards of the reporter's art." The once-again reference is to a 1949 Sigma Delta Chi award for a series on Frank Costello; the 1951 Lasker Award for a series on progress toward the conquest of cancer; an earlier citation by the Christian Athletic Foundation for a magazine article he called "A Little More Time" and the 1957 OPC award for the best reporting from abroad, which he shared with William Randolph Hearst Jr. and Frank Coniff, for an interview with Krushchev in Moscow. Bob Considine is a reformed sports writer whose column "On the Line" was begun as a sports essay more than twenty years ago and has evolved as a mirror for a wide variety of what has been described by experts as "hard-hitting prose in the manner of Damon Runyon." He has served two terms as president of the OPC.

Considine, thinking. His vigorous reporting before, during and since War II has won him numerous awards.



OPC AWARD

BEST RADIO OR TV REPORTING FROM ABROAD

Winston Burdette of CBS, for work on a consistently high plane, marked by alertness and careful preparation.

In the opinion of the OPC judges, Burdette's reporting during 1958 was one prize-worthy performance after another. His coverage of the election of Pope John XXIII transmitted both the grandeur and the suspense of that occasion. His script for a documentary film on Kuwait was reprinted in the Congressional Record. He played a leading part in preparing "The Ruble War," a CBS documentary on Russia's economic activities which since has become a book. He gave an outstanding report on Jordan and a series of lucid reports on news from Italy. Burdette has been working for CBS since 1942 from the Middle East, eastern Europe and the Mediterranean, and from time to time has participated in special TV reports by CBS correspondents. Burdette was graduated from Harvard magna cum laude in 1933, having completed the four-year academic course in three years. His first job was as a reporter for the Brooklyn Eagle, which turned him loose as a roving correspondent in Scandinavia, where he broke into radio work as stringer for Transradio.

Working out of Rome, his beat covers half the world.



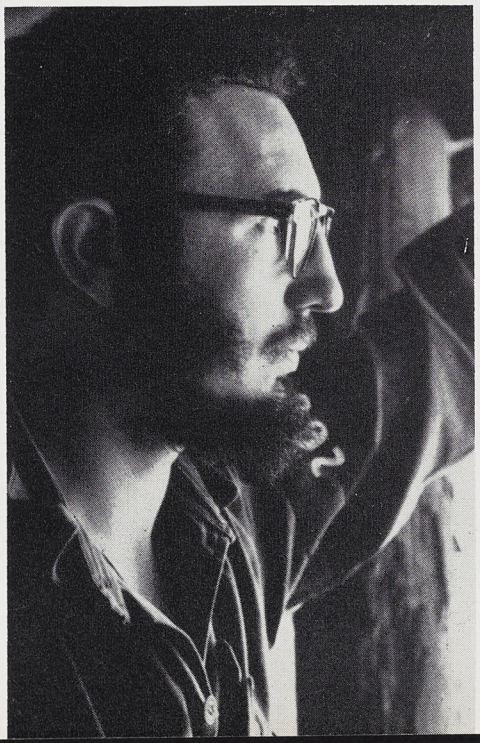
OPC AWARD

BEST STILL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ABROAD

To Andrew St. George, a bearded free-lance, for his coverage of an early stage of the revolution in Cuba.

The judge's citation to Andrew St. George reads: "For superb photographic coverage and the insight revealed in pictures taken during long months behind rebel lines in Oriente Province, Cuba. It is particularly appropriate that this award go to St. George, who is a free-lance photographer and whose quiet courage and enterprise have resulted in some of the best photographic reportage to appear in many years. His stories appeared in Look, Life, Pageant and many other magazines." The winner, writing in a February, 1958, issue of Look, told of hiding for two weeks in Santiago before he travelled with guides to Castro's mountain headquarters where he interviewed and photographed the man who is now Cuba's Premier. "The most conspicuous thing about Castro," St. George wrote then, "is his intense, magnetic personality. His men worship him wordlessly. Everywhere he goes in the Sierra, peasants pop up along the paths, dangling the gift of a hen, even a poem . . . He is an intellectual who reads voraciously, yet an activist whose love for weapons is almost boyish . . . No wonder morale among his men is so high."





St. George, Castro and an execution, in pictures made for Look Magazine in the mountains of Oriente province during Cuba's war.





OPC AWARD

BEST MOVIE PHOTOGRAPHY FROM ABROAD

NBC's Josef Oexle takes this award for his excellent and sensitive job on "S-Bahn Stops at Freedom."

Since 1950, Josef Oexle, at 30 a seasoned motion picture journalist, has traveled more than 400,000 miles to produce some of the most exciting footage of our time. He filmed the uprising in Hungary, the fighting in Algeria, the kidnapping of an express train by fleeing Czech refugees, the World Youth Festival in Moscow, the fatal bobsled run of Swiss champion Endrich, and the NBC documentary "S-Bahn Stops at Freedom" which receives this OPC Award. In "S-Bahn" Oexle pictured the Berlin crisis on both sides of the Brandenburg Gate—an escape hatch in the Iron Curtain. Perhaps only a German could transmit so vividly the tensions among his countrymen. Oexle was born at Singen, near the Swiss border. As a boy, while he worked in his father's wholesale porcelain business, he started fooling around with a movie camera and tried without much luck to become a newsreel reporter. It was Gary Stindt, of NBC, he says, who straightened him out and taught him to be a professional.



Behind a long telescope lens, Oexle shoots his splendid documentary in Germany.

OPC AWARD

BEST MAGAZINE REPORTING OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Joseph Kraft, a free-lancer who wrote about Algeria rebels for the SEP, takes the award in this category.



Across the burning sands of the Sahara, up and down the terraced Casbah of the city of Algiers (this is a quote) on the plains of Oran, in the highlands of the Atlas Mountains, there rages the only serious armed conflict in the world today—the war of the Arab nationalists against France for control of Algeria. The quote is the lead of Joseph Kraft's first article on the rebels of Algiers as published by the Saturday Evening Post. Kraft began working in this business as editorial writer for the Washington Post, then spent six years on the New York Times News of the Week in Review. Since he began free-lancing in 1957, his pieces have appeared in magazines here and in Europe. In his series for the Saturday Evening Post, Kraft summed up some impressions: "Even more striking than ignorance (among the rebels) of the United States and Russia is contempt for the three Arab countries which have most helped the Algerian nationalists—Egypt, Tunisia and Morocco . . . I did see one picture of Nasser and two babies who were named after him, but the political officers held him in low esteem . . . Such contempt . . . is born of a self-pride."

Preparation at Columbia and the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study led Kraft into this ambush by rebels in the Algerian bush.



OPC AWARD

BEST PRESS INTERPRETATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

For a series of articles on the UN, the prize goes to Graham Hovey of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune.

Graham Hovey made four trips to the United Nations last year, seeking to make sense of the morass of caucases, maneuvers and technicalities that were beclouding the daily dipatches. The incisive articles that resulted could only enrich the reader's understanding. He wrote with the viewpoint of one who believes in the UN and in a constructive role for the United States in the world organization. But he reported a decline in both UN effectiveness and US influence. One article especially was a penetrating description of a four-hour debate in the General Assembly's steering committee, at the end of which the vote, as could have been predicted a year before, was against China's bid for membership. Foreclosing even discussion in the Assembly, Hovey believes, compromises the UN claim to be the world's town meeting. The US, he wrote, by supporting this action widened the gap between this country and the emerging nations of Africa and Asia. Hovey has been senior editorial writer for the Minneapolis papers since 1956. Previously he worked for INS, AP and was an assistant editor of the New Republic.



Hovey, formerly of INS and AP, has been appointed European correspondent for his papers.



OPC AWARD

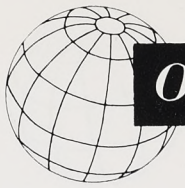
BEST RADIO OR TV INTERPRETATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

To Chet Huntley of NBC for overall performance, notably on Israel, France, Germany, Algeria and the Lebanon.

Huntley's award was based not only on his globe-trotting observations and analyses—he also maintains his stateside objective.

All Chet Huntley has done in the past year, says an NBC handout is:
A 15-minute nightly TV show with David Brinkley.
A half-hour Sunday TV show on his own.
A daily five-minute radio newscast.
A one-hour, once-a-month "Kaleidoscope" on TV.
Numerous special news programs.
Travel 50,000 or more miles for background material.
He also tours the lecture circuit.
He wanted to be a doctor (the handout says) but in 1932 he won an oratory tournament in Montana and that was how it all began. He worked the Spokane-Portland radio, moved to CBS out of Los Angeles, switched to ABC (Asia and the Middle East) and joined NBC in 1955. He won a Peabody Award in 1953; the Harry A. Hollzer Award, 1956; he was duPont Commentator of the Year, 1957; won the OPC Foreign Interpretation Award the same year; the NEA School Bell Award, 1958, the 1958 American Council for Better Broadcasts, and the Neiman Fellows Award, also in 1958.





OPC AWARD

BEST BOOK ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS

The OPC judges call Gunther's book "a first-rate work of reportage, the latest in a long series of revealing books by a veteran correspondent." It is, the judges say, "a characteristic Gunther blend of history, political analysis and intelligent observation, lively in style and surprisingly informative on a country not noted for the facilities it puts at the disposal of foreign reporters. One critic, impressed by the scope of Gunther's Insides, described him as "surveyor general to the universe," but Gunther so far has insided only the United States, Latin America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Russia. He also has been called the world's foremost political reporter, but there are thousands of people whose esteem for him is based on another kind of book which he called "Death Be Not Proud." John Gunther has written so many books about so many subjects and has contributed to so many magazines in English and in translation that there is an old folk saying that goes: Carrying coals to Newcastle is like giving a prize to Gunther.

John Gunther wins this one with his best-seller "Inside Russia Today" latest in his series that began in 1936.



The winner and his wife, Jane, near the end of two months' junketing about The Soviet Empire looking, listening and filling notebooks. Incidentally, it's a Harper's book.



OPC AWARD

THE ROBERT CAPA AWARD

This award, which keeps alive a memory that needs no nudging, goes again to a man who kept his mind on his work.



A bint in Lebanon learns the technique of biting into a loaded pineapple and throwing it.

Photographers who can read (and there are more of them than you might think) must wonder sometimes why this guy gets prizes and that guy does not. The answer probably is that the guy who got the prize was the guy whose pictures were used. They're all heroes, in an unrecognized, second-class-citizen way, and not a one of them would belittle an award made for performance in the tradition of Bob Capa. Paul Bruck, this year's winner, qualifies for what the awards committee judged to be "superlative motion picture photography achieved despite the difficulties of shooting his story while under fire during the Lebanon street fighting." Bruck is a Viennese whose schooling was stopped because he couldn't qualify under Hitler's race-standards. He did his time in forced labor and in the German army and in forced labor again. When Hitler's film ran out, Bruck went to work for Warner-Pathe News, won a 1953 prize at the Vienna Biennale and wound up in 1954 with CBS. The operation in the Lebanon may not have been such great shakes as a war, but Bruck was there and he shot his story. More power to him.



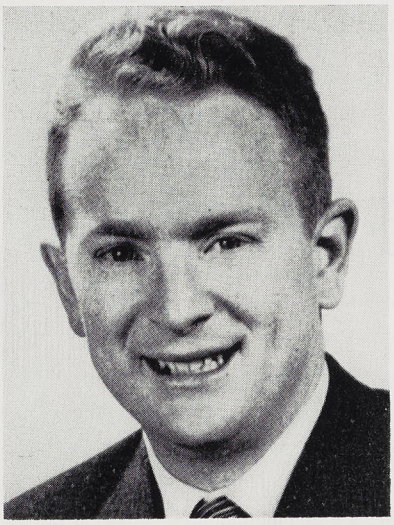


A shot of a winner and of the fighting in Lebanon where he worked while under fire.

THE GEORGE POLK MEMORIAL AWARD

For covering the news abroad in a manner requiring the exercise of exceptional courage and enterprise.

First word of the revolt which resulted in the overthrow of the Venezuelan government of Marcos Perez Jiminez was flashed through censorship to the world by Joseph Taylor of United Press International. Using codes and other ruses, he got out a full running report on a story that began shortly after dawn on Jan. 1, 1958. Four days later, he was summoned by the head of the secret police and told that his personal safety was in jeopardy. On the following day the Interior Minister routed him from bed and summoned him to a conference that lasted almost two hours. Taylor was branded "an enemy of Venezuela" and he and UPI were threatened with expulsion from the country. Under that threat, the Minister demanded that Taylor file a false story. When Taylor refused, he was ordered to pack his gear and stand by to leave Caracas. But before the order of expulsion could be carried out, both the Minister and his head of the secret police had fled. In the days that followed, Taylor was tailed; his mail was censored and his telephone monitored. Still, as the revolution gained strength, he continued to avoid censorship and kept his story flowing. Several times he found himself among groups under attack by police using machetes, bayonets and tear gas. Several times he escaped capture only because he can run fast. On Jan. 14 he was arrested in the hallway of the UPI office and taken to secret police headquarters where he was held in a room alone until he was released at 4 a. m. On Jan. 21 a mob stormed police headquarters in a 12-hour gunfight. Taylor kept his story rolling. A few days later he was beaten in the street by five gangsters. Throughout, he continually exposed himself to physical danger. He profited later by his first-hand reporting and his accuracy. When Perez was overthrown, Venezuelans in and outside the country congratulated Taylor on the job he had done. Exiles returning to Venezuela called to thank him. Taylor had been in Caracas for UPI less than six months when that story broke. His background includes a B.A. from William Jewell College and an M.S. in journalism from the University of Kansas. He joined UP at Topeka in 1955, worked in Santa Fe in 1956, went to Rio de Janeiro a month later, and turned up in Caracas in August, 1957.

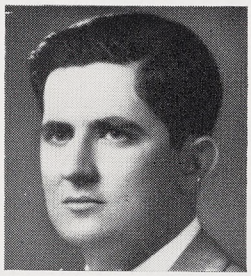


Joe Taylor of UPI qualified for the award in the traditional fashion—at the risk of his life and freedom—in Venezuela's 1958 revolution.

OPC AWARD

CITATIONS FOR EXCELLENCE

CLASS 1

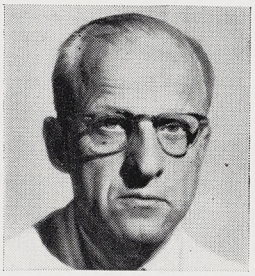


A. M. Rosenthal
New York Times



John Strohm
NEA

CLASS 2



Joseph C. Harsch
NBC

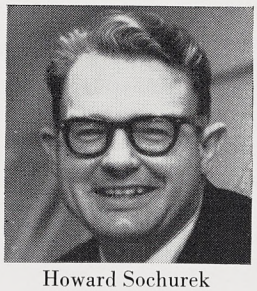


John Secondari
ABC

CLASS 3

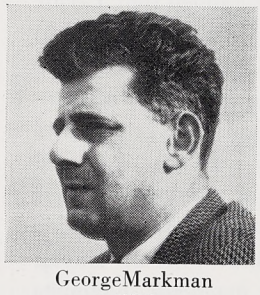


David Douglas Duncan
Saturday Evening Post



Howard Sochurek
Life

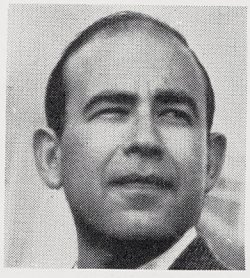
CLASS 4



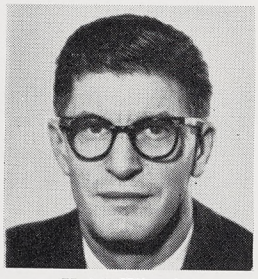
GeorgeMarkman
CBS

A jury sitting in a court of law depends upon bench and counsel to dispel reasonable doubt, but a jury conferring awards of merit is on its own. On this page are the difficult OPC choices as runners-up.

CLASS 5



Ed Korry
Look



Keith Wheeler
Life

CLASS 6

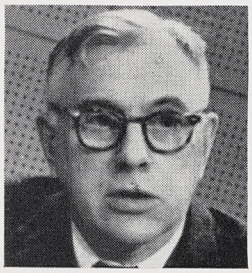


Leon Dennen
NEA



Roy Essoyan
AP

CLASS 7



Louis Lyons
WGBH-TV

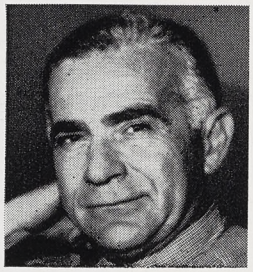


Howard K. Smith
CBS

CLASS 8



Alexander Campbell
The Heart of India



Edgar Snow
Journey to the Beginning



LISA LARSEN 1925 - 1959



She was a German girl
whose family fled to this country
She was a great photographer.
She was the wife of
Niels Rasmussen, a photographer.
She worked for many
magazines and her work was
recognized by many awards,
including last year's OPC prize.
Requiescat.

Two of Lisa Larsen's photographs for Life.



The real life story of the OPC

continued from page 31

There were also bacon, sausages and eggs, toast and coffee, on the cuff. Moreover, the club was cradled in the very room of the famous Round Table where sat the Algonquin Sophisticates. In that room, too, Actors Equity fought and won its first recognition as a union. Frank Case gave them the quarters free, plus $1000.

Everything about the Overseas Press Club during that first month seemed to give off an aura of transientness. The very name—"Overseas Press Club"—it was agreed, was only provisional. The "of America" was added at the next meeting because the founders were afraid the club would be identified as "foreign." Only a handful of those present had any hopes for its continued life. In fact, almost everyone was waiting for a foreign assignment; World War II was coming, Czechoslovakia had been liquidated, Italy and Germany announced an alliance, the Japanese moved into Manchukuo, the Stalin-Hitler pact was being drafted. All in 1939.

Tom Johnson stopped to chat with Frank Case in the Algonquin lobby after that first meeting. "It was damned nice of you to give us that room and the free lunch," Johnson said. "That's okay," Case replied, "but not a damned thing will come of it . . . Can't last. Press clubs and literary round tables are evanescent. 'Wayfarer's Inn,' Alec Woollcott called them. Won't last. And anyway, it won't do the Algonquin any good."

This reporter, temperamentally disinclined to repetition of the story as already told in various histories of the club, must record these new facts in the various histories of the club, must record these new facts in the light of new inquiries and of a maturer approach. If dullness be a test of accuracy, then here are the dull statistics: the actual first meeting of the club was *not* April 2nd—as previously recorded—but Sunday, April 9th. Only sixteen persons showed up—not forty!

"All histories that contain no lies are extremely tedious." Anatole France said that. I'm with Anatole. For years all previous OPC historians followed this line to a point of dangerous finality. An amiable by-liner wrote in the 1955 Collier's "Dateline" that when the OPC was formed "*. . . not a word made the papers. Indeed, almost the first public notice of its . . . (OPC) existence occurred when a police visitation highlighted one of the club's New Year's Eve parties . . . in the Club Headquarters overlooking Times Square.*" Now really, pal! The first report appeared in the New York Times the day after the initial meeting, April 10, 1939, and right up to the time, seven years later, when we moved to Times Square, we had already filled three huge scrap books with "public notices!"

The second meeting at the Algonquin attracted good newspaper coverage and helped to round up additional prospects for membership. This was the organizational session and about 30 showed up, drawn to the gathering mainly by the desire to see old colleagues, to rehash the old days. It was also to talk shop and forage for jobs, and out of this urgency was evolved the structure of the OPC which has persisted. The original constitution and by-laws, the work of Eugene Lyons and Irene Kuhn, with the collaboration of Sam Dashiell and Charlie Ferlin, stated that "*the objects of the Club are to bring together men and women whose past or present activities in the service of American journalism abroad have given them mutual interests . . .*"

This must somehow account for the presence at that founding meeting of people like Bob Davis of The Sun and Hendrik Willem Van Loon, organizing with some ordinary reporters for a common purpose. It was at the conclusion of that meeting in the bar that the OPC suffered its first set-back in prestige. A riotous party almost ended its career that night.

In truth we had outgrown the quarters at the Algonquin and a committee (foolish boy, we ALWAYS had Committees!) headed by Bob Davis landed us a rent-free mezzanine office and club room at the Hotel Gladstone on 52nd Street. Another cocktail party, scrounged from the Gladstone management, launched the OPC on its way toward a truly fabulous First Year.

A great shifting of power had taken place in the world and men shifted with it. More correspondents were forced into involuntary "exile," back to their own back yards. So the OPC expanded. Ships and planes dumped newsmen onto our luncheon table and in their wake followed the journalists and politicos fleeing from Hitler. The OPC became the hottest platform in New York.

OPC luncheon attendance jumped to three and four hundred every Wednesday. We were beginning to give way at our seams and a year later found us at the venerable old Lotus Club where for several years we wrote a new and exciting chapter of the OPC story.

The nation was at war and if one were to examine our records for that period he would find an account of World War II, the men, the issues, the front page events—all mirrored in our own annals. We opened windows and drew aside curtains, always putting the emphasis on principles and ideals, especially Freedom of the Press.

We were getting older when we moved to Times Square, but we were neither smug nor crotchety. For the first time, we felt a sense of complete independence, for we began to pay our own rent—and sell our own drinks. The memorial Press Center idea germinated in this atmosphere. Then one astonishing day we moved into our own home.

Looking back on the 20 years, turning over the deposit they have left behind them—the musty records, the old photographs, the long list of departed members and heroic colleagues whose shadows stay lively in the meeting rooms —all the accumulation of a score of years—we still are not ready to write our memoirs. We have yet so many goals to reach for; so many public services to perform; so much eating and drinking, and talking over with men and women of other countries; so much giving and receiving of hospitality. In other words, we have so much of Youth remaining—more than is to be found in almost any other clubhouse in America. Only just let's watch it, that this middle-age spread we acquired lately—from 25 feet to 50 on East 39th Street—does not go to our head.

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Best press club of all time

continued from page 14

A great many professional transactions occurred in that perfect press club. Oh, nobody ever went so far as to write copy there; Joe was apt to frown on trivialities. But there will be those who remember the arrival of the vanguard of the OSS—two large men from Jersey City exuding the unmistakable *fragrance du gendarme.* They had come in the cause of Security (for journalists know many secrets and are notoriously flap-jawed).

Joe Shialom and George Lait caught the scent almost simultaneously, and it was Joe who moved the newcomers along the bar to where George was sharing military arcana with a low companion. In no time at all the skillful undercover men ingratiated themselves to the point of providing more pink-gins and getting George to draw for them a map of the Western Desert, complete with arrows and crosses to mark troop dispositions.

There must have been great satisfaction at the OSS that night, but in the morning when George's map was laid accusingly before Col. Philip Astley, PRO for the British Eighth Army, there was grim hilarity. It was the most cockeyed map of the Western Desert ever provided even by the Ordnance Department.

Not all the entertainment available in Joe Shialom's Press Club was provided by such fumbling birds of pass age. There was a beautiful, sun-bronzed, wavy-haired blond subaltern who appeared occasionally at the piano in the Peacock Alley that habitues of Shepheard's called the Snake Pit. Brahms and Chopin came with him and chitchat at the dim-lit tables faltered while people listened and watched the thoughts that came into their minds. Joe had the piano moved closer to the club and the music flowed in and lapped against Joe's bar. There was a long interval when the subaltern did not come, then one night he turned up again but he did not go to the piano, he came to the bar.

A youngster who is not here any more, except as one of the names on that memorial plaque in the OPC lobby, spoke to the pianist. He said he was glad to see the leftenant back and was he going to . . .

Joe, deft and suave as always, set a new glass on the bar and said certainly, the Leftenant was going to have another drink. And only then did the youngster notice the tight, brown kid glove in the place where the pianist's right hand had always been.

Birds of passage, all of them. The Japanese have a musical word for it: *wataridori.* Birds of passage through the perfect press club. Joe himself is one. He has shucked the trim white barkeep's jacket he used to wear for white-tie-and-tails as maitre d'hotel at an elegant restaurant in a dignified pub across the street from Central Park.

But he won't be there forever. Look for him in Berlin or Rome. Where you find Joe Shialom you will find, perhaps, a press club nearer to the heart's desire.

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PHOTO BY HANK WALKER

OBSERVATION is a fact of LIFE

People with observation are looking around the clock, eager to see and to know and to learn all about what is new, and what is happening right now.

Observation makes for bright-eyed people; alert people who see something new and respond to it now. (If you know an observant person, seek him out; he is wonderful company.)

It is no surprise that people who are observant about life look forward to LIFE. They like LIFE. LIFE has their spirit. LIFE seems to regard the fine art of observing as they do; that what is happening, changing, forming, ending, originating is well worth watching.

Observation is a fact of LIFE. Only one, though. Maybe the surest way to sum it up is to say that for more than 32 million observant readers, LIFE is everything that's *new* and *now* and in the *present*.

The laughable press club

continued from page 16

lar with the morning paper men, who got through work around midnight. They would then have a late snack at the Taverne "Stammtisch," a table reserved exclusively for the press, the Propaganda Ministry, and unattached ladies who considered it their duty to cheer up these men after their arduous labors.

Demonstrating their customary unerring aim, the crews of Allied bombers managed to wipe out every one of these press haunts, with the exception of a very small part of the Adlon. When Berlin was divided into four occupation sectors, the Allies generously included the Adlon in the part allotted to the Russians.

On July 2, 1945, a new press corps, attired in war correspondent uniforms, swarmed into what was left of Berlin, and had to start from scratch in the matter of a press club. Fortunately, the U.S. Army hit on the novel idea that it would be good propaganda to fix up a club for the correspondents. It was no trick at all to requisition the commodious villa that had belonged to Nazi Economic Czar Walther Funk. In this villa in the chic suburb of Zehlendorf, a correspondent could obtain food and drink at laughable prices. He could sell one cigarette for seventy-five cents, and for that money he could buy five Scotches at the Club.

One thing absolutely essential to a successful press club is a fairly sizable press corps. After the first halcyon post-war days and the blockade, Berlin settled down to a kind of dull stalemate existence. Papers began pulling out their men. There was another big change, too. With the hardening of currencies, it became increasingly difficult to keep prices at a level which could fairly be described as "laughable"—apparently another essential for attracting newsmen.

Sadly, the few remaining American correspondents faced the fact that the club in Zehlendorf must be closed. They joined forces with the British at their press club in the Grunewald. This expedient could only be temporary. It got so that it was considered a gala evening if three tables in the spacious dining room were filled.

Of late years, the press has had to fall back on informal bars. There is no doubt that the most popular is on the top floor of the Maison de France, on the Kurfuerstendamm. Its prices cannot really be called laughable, but because of exemption from German import duty, they are, shall we say, faintly smiling. There was some speculation that the new Hilton Hotel might become the press rendezvous, but nobody has been heard even to chuckle at the Hilton's prices, so nothing has come of that.

How could they have failed to understand that it would be good propaganda to provide the correspondents with a club where they could get good food and drink? At laughable prices, of course.



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PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE PHILIPPINES
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Avec la plume sous la table

continued from page 17

etages, and it's a warm time of year, you'll have difficulty sleeping and you'll have to be damned careful if you are engaged in unsleeping, if you understand. This is because the AP offices are on the sixth *etage* of the Herald-Trib building and they seem close enough for you to answer the telephone. The AP keeps a battery of teletypes running all night, which may not bother you if you are used to sleeping in the composing room. They keep their lights on all night, too, and this is apt to shine in your face although this is really a blessing because it means they're not trying to spy on you.

No one peeks into the bar, downstairs on the ground floor, though. Jean and Paul are the barmen, and their bloody marys are justifiably world famous among the dirty trenchcoat crowd.

Besides tending bar, Jean and Paul will relay messages. There's a telephone extension at the bar which you can use for everything from making dates to calling the office to say there's nothing doing and they know where to find you. Once you're accepted, Jean and Paul will put everything on the cuff in those anxious days toward the end of the month. In fact, in the case of "members," you can slip them a note reading something like: "I could use a million (francs, that is) but I'll settle for ten grand," and Jean or Paul will steal back to the cash register and enter the new debit.

Be attentive to Messrs. Jean and Paul. Together with M. Roger of Le Tangage around the corner, they have been quoted more often than Charles DeGaulle on things in France. Most of those discerning, perceptive, quaint or clever remarks by the "average Parisian man-in-the-street" come, in one form or another, from these oracles of the public pulse.

The usual routine is to have a couple at the California, then duck around the corner to the Tangage for another round, then lunch or dinner. The Tangage is a cozy place with background music and endless chatter at the tables.

From the Tangage to the Crillon is the Long Haul because there's nothing between but a lot of bars and nightclubs, so don't be surprised if you don't make it before noon the next day. This is just as well, because the Crillon is noted for its Bloody Marys and is not very active at night anyway.

Now you've almost made the tour, but the next one is a lulu. Up the Boulevard des Italiens, past the garish moviehouses, to the small street off to the left, Rue des Italiens, home of UP and scene of the Kansas City Milkman. As you approach, it's best to keep under cover. There's a legend that an irate Unipresser once blew his stack and tossed his typewriter out the window four *etages* overhead. There was no bulletin in the machine at the time so they never bothered to retrieve it.



A salute to the winners...

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David Mann, *Chicago Sun-Times*
Joseph Murphy, *American Aviation* Magazine
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La stampa estera

continued from page 22

tickets, or such daily problems as convincing a customs agent that an impounded Sears & Roebuck jungle gym isn't an atomic rocket launcher.

All of this is located in the heart of Rome, via della Mercede 55, next to the broadcasting station and across the street from the post office and Press Wireless.

Members are justifiably proud of their bar which has firmly withstood the rising cost of living throughout Europe. Gordon Martinis cost 28 cents, Bourbon and Scotch 40 cents, Polish Vodka 32 cents.

Women are admitted to the club as members, and also as guests at the bar. One lady journalist used her pocketbook recently to whack her consort over the head.

Matter of fact, since it was formed 47 years ago in the backroom of a coffee shop, the foreign press club has had a lot worse adversaries than fighting women. They include, dogs, cats, cheating barmen, press agents and even Benito Mussolini. Each in his own way tried to move in.

Mussolini typically tried to do it wholesale. He gave the association its present quarters, staffed it with employees in his own pay, tapped all the phone lines, and figured he had the entire foreign press in his pocket. But it never worked as he hoped. Somehow correspondents by-passed all barriers.

So Mussolini did not win. Nor did the convincing line of barmen, cats and dogs which, less powerful than the Fascist dictator, have nevertheless been more lasting in their unremitting drive to take possession of the premises.

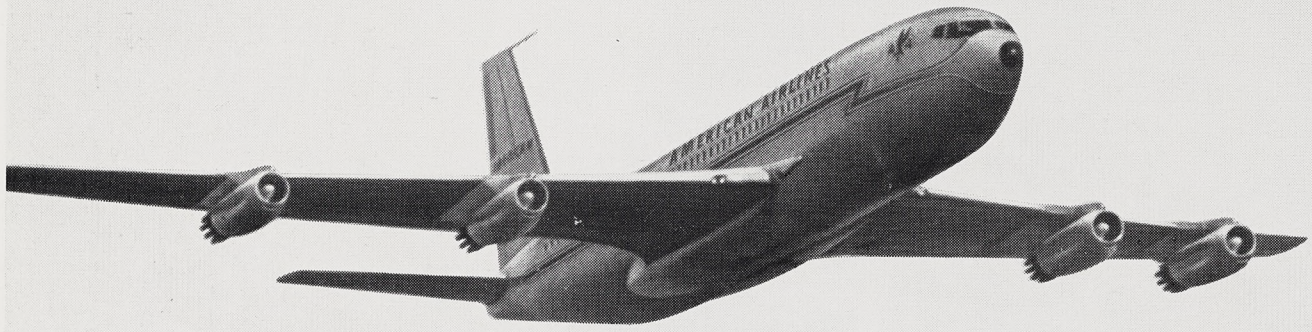
The dogs had a disastrous showdown recently. There are those who fear they will never recover from it. It began in an innocent enough way. Dogs which had theoretically been barred were slowly coming back into the club, doing it cleverly and slowly, coming in always with their masters and minding their own business.

Finally one evening Henry Thody, of the Kemsley papers, had nestled up against the bar for a Black Velvet. Also nestling against the bar was a toy poodle, belonging to Richard Ehrman of the AP.

Thody did not see the dog. The first manner in which he was apprised of its presence came as a warm sensation on his left ankle, which extended slowly down into his shoe.

Never before in the history of the club had a dog made a graver error.

Thody, who is chairman of the bar committee, stroked his handlebar mustache, took some snuff from his cardinal red waistcoat and looked calmly around the bar. Unfortunately for all dog lovers, there were at that moment sufficient members of the bar committee present to constitute a quorum. They voted on the spot. The next day a bronze sign was screwed onto the entrance door of the Stampa Estera: Dogs Not Allowed.



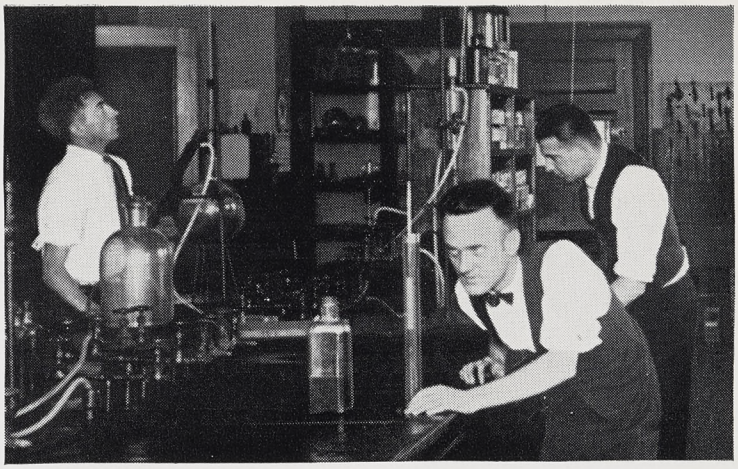
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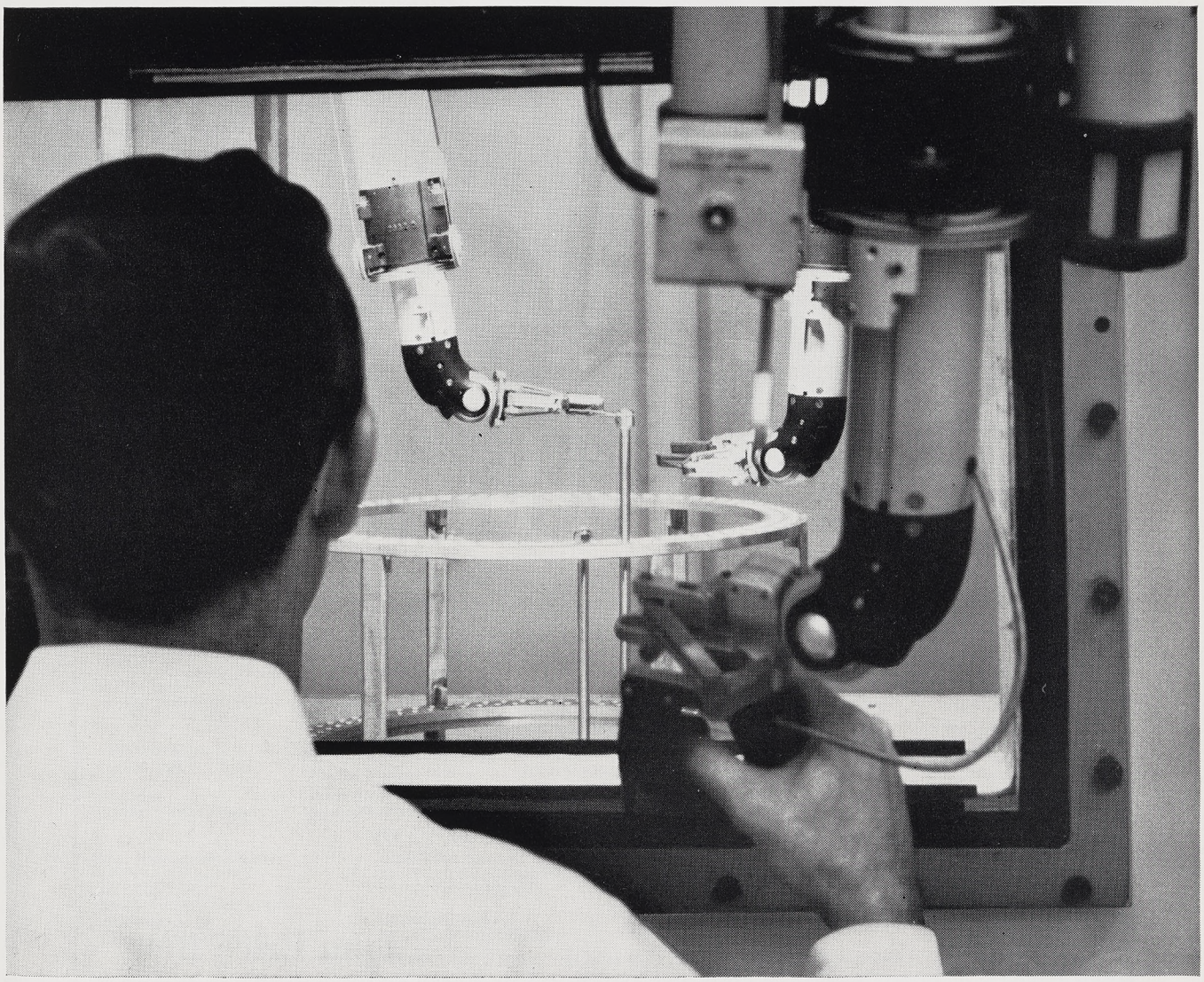
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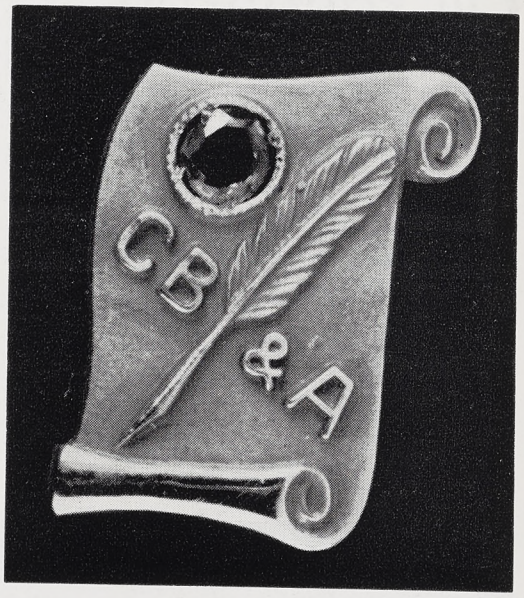
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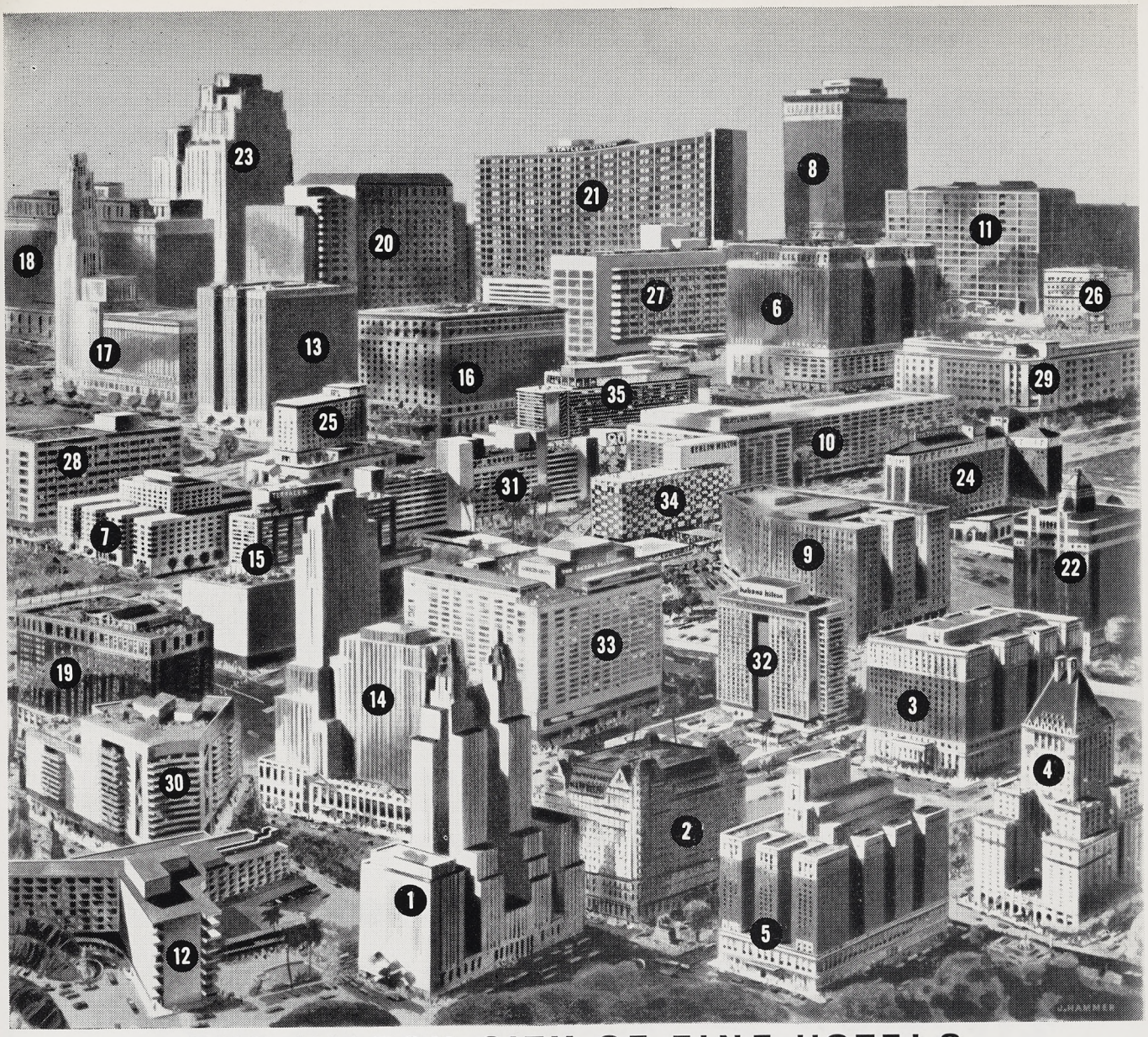


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continued from page 23

especially the young New York Times man who, upon discovering the delights of Tokyo, exclaimed:

"What a wonderful place! It's the only city in the world where you can meet a beautiful girl, fall in love with her and sleep with her—all in the same day."

Some of the Korean war veterans drop in occasionally, with a nostalgic gleam in their eye, only to learn that nothing is quite the same. Cartoonist Bill Mauldin hasn't been back since he fought a hand-to-hand battle with the grandfather clock in the old club. The clock, incidentally, has reverted to its rightful owners.

The departure of the press corps from its old home May 1, 1955, was a tearful occasion and marked the end of an era. It also marked the beginning of a new one—what might be called the capitalist era.

The move was short, to the American Club premises only a half block down the street. Thanks largely to the shrewd negotiating of Rutherford Poats, then president, the move was also profitable. The American Club, composed of bankers, oil company officials, traders and the like, had decided to abandon its downtown quarters for a plush new establishment behind the Soviet embassy.

This was a decision that many American Club members still rue. For the result was that under an associate membership arrangement the press club inherited practically all of the American Club's luncheon trade. Which raised some doubt as to which were the better businessmen—the correspondents or the businessmen.

The correspondents were hardly accustomed to their new quarters before it was time to move again. The Mitsubishi Estate Co., which owns virtually the entire area, wanted to tear down the building the club was in and obligingly offered space in a new building it was erecting in the next block. Mitsubishi's cooperative attitude was a radical change from occupation years. Relations between Mitsubishi and the foreign press were less than cordial. The reasons for this were simple. For several years the club refused to pay any rent. This was because Mitsubishi never made any repairs. However, Mitsubishi did not suffer, since at the existing rate of exchange the rent amounted to only $15 a month.

The club made its third and, it is hoped, its last move March 31, 1958. It was undertaken with grave misgivings as to whether the entire membership wouldn't end up in bankruptcy court. The rent was tripled and the move itself cost $68,888, the mere mention of which caused correspondents' heart to skip a beat.

The fears, as the cliche goes, were groundless. The entire cost of the move will have been paid off within 12 months, the rent is being paid regularly, and so are the club's 72 Japanese employes. The wily Chinese bookkeeper, Ling, is still on the job and no correspondent has yet been able to win an argument with him over a bar bill.

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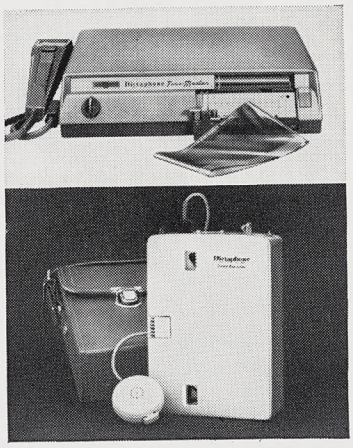
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GENERAL SYSTEM

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Bedlam in the Sanctuary

continued from page 24

allow on Beirut's movie screens. Reporters didn't have to be very wily to outwit the first Lebanese censors. One of their main injunctions was against mentioning the name of Lebanon's Chief of Staff (now President) Fuad Chehab. UPI's Larry Collins got around that one by substituting the name of the American Chief of Staff for his Lebanese counterpart.

As had always been the case, reporters could go anywhere they wanted in Lebanon. Government officials became more difficult to see because they were trying to run the country and fight a civil war at the same time. The opposition, with only one job, remained as accessible as ever. A word at a government checkpoint, a few minutes' drive through no-man's land, and a word at the opposition side were all that it took to interview "tough, burly Saeb Salem, the rebel chieftan barricaded in his bastion in the embattled Moslem section of Beirut." In this war you could interview loyalists, rebels and UN observers all in the same day.

Despite the deafening volume of fire by rebels and army, and the attention given to Lebanon in the world press, many aspects of life in Beirut remained unchanged. Opposition leaders with warrants out for their arrest still turned up occasionally for drinks at the St. Georges bar. Saeb Salam's daughter once left her father's "bastion in the embattled Moslem section" and, attended by gun-totting bodyguards, appeared at the St. Georges to have her hair done. Throughout the crisis members of the Lebanese uppercrust continued taking daily sunbaths at the St. Georges beach club, next door to the hotel. A recently arrived journalist, fresh from his first interview with Saeb Salam turned to a colleague and asked, "Now that I've seen the rebels, how do I find the loyalists?" "Right over there," said the other, pointing over the balcony to a group of bikini-clad debutantes preparing to water-ski.

At the moment when reporters were interviewing the first Marines to come ashore, plane loads of American journalists were heading out from the states. The Department of Defense had 'laid on' transportation. The Beirut press corps swelled to 200, more than ten times the normal complement. The increase in numbers made the establishment of order and organization an essential but nevertheless exasperating step. Before the landing, any American correspondent could walk into the embassy to talk to just about any one he wanted. After the landing briefings were held twice daily at which tight-lipped spokesmen passed around mimeographed communiques.

The American intervention in Lebanon did not slam to a close the way it banged open. The troops just got fewer and fewer until there were only a handful left behind to settle claims. The same happened to the press corps. Reporters began trickling away.

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All Friends of China

continued from page 25

them up". Charges of stinginess had been among the British attacks. He would order the drinks, excuse himself and retire behind a pillar to watch. He was reasonably certain that one or more of his friends would experience the horrors for days.

But a moment after he entered the bar a series of shrieks nearly broke the windows. Rushing back, he saw three plump Chinese matrons piled on the floor. Coming into the lounge hurriedly, they had brushed aside the papers and sat unknowingly on the slumbering python who continued to sleep indifferently throughout the entire proceedings.

A possible unique press corps incident occurred last September. A group of newsmen were aboard a small Chinese transport on their way to Quemoy at the beginning of the heavy Chinese Communist artillery attack.

Just before the majority were getting ready to climb down the cargo nets into landing barges, enemy torpedo boats cut in and started ripping the night wide open with point-blank attacks.

Four correspondents had volunteered to go first into the Higgins boats to catch equipment the others lowered by ropes from the transport decks. When, the attack began, the landing barge coxswains shoved clear and took off to save their own skins and their craft.

In view of the traditional agency and network rivalries, the result was ironical. Charley Smith, the UPI man on the landing barge, had only AP equipment which included typewriters, cameras, cigars and copypaper; Lawrence Chang of NBC had all of CBS-TV cameras and MGM Movietone cameras. Both AP and CBS and others had lowered their equipment but didn't have time to get aboard. Throughout a four-day enforced stay because of the blockade, newsmen on Quemoy used the gear of their competitors with considerable relish.

A few other incidents during the recent Taiwan crises disturbed more sedate members of the local community. During the attack, one exhausted agency man who had been sleepless for 20 hours was awakened from a needed breather by a "rocket" from the home office. A rocket is a cable which states that the opposition has something you don't have. The correspondent immediately rushed into the lobby to look for his bureau chief. Scores of females fled screaming. In his agitation, he had forgotten he was sleeping stripped to his T-shirt.

On another occasion, a bachelor in the press corps arranged what he thought would be a clandestine rendezvous with an attractive female acquaintance at midnight in his room. Because of the language barrier difficulties, the lady misunderstood the invitation to "come at twelve". To his intense embarrassment, when he answered the rap on his door he saw thirteen smiling Asian girls lined up outside his door.



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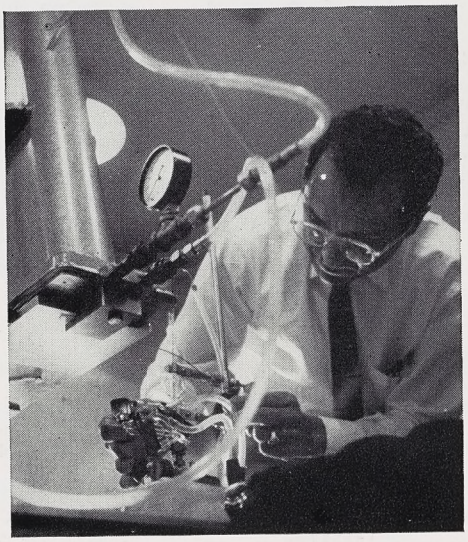


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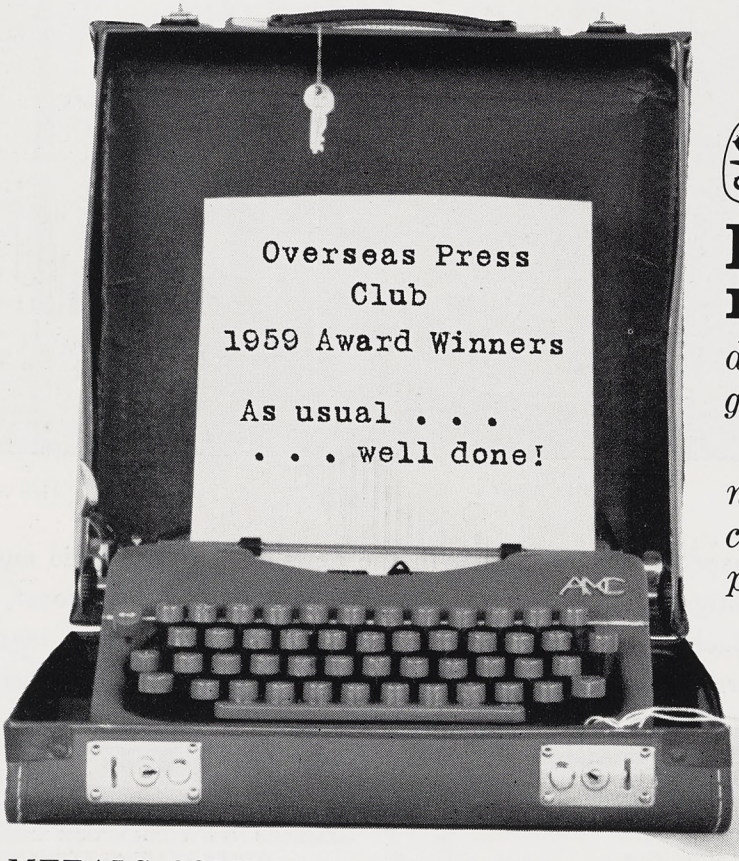
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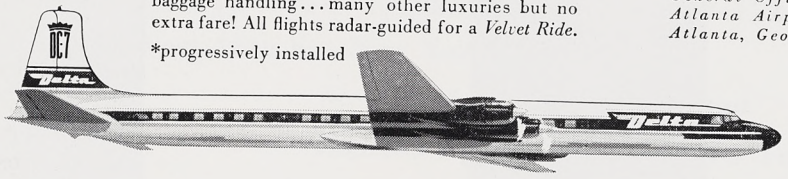
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Nobody tells you anything

continued from page 27

The facilities for foreign correspondents used to be an uncomfortable and inadequate one room up a flight of stairs. It was crowded when a big story broke and a score of American, British, French and West German correspondents congregated to write stories to be telephoned after censorship to various west European news headquarters.

The last big story we handled in these cramped quarters was the purge of Marshal Georgi Zhukov from the Communist Party's governing Presidium. It was an all night affair. The wives of several correspondents brought picnic baskets with sandwiches and hot coffee. (A hamburg stand near the Central Telegraph Office would be assured of a princely income.)

Although it had no connection with Zhukov's decline from power, the next day we moved into a handsome, new suite of rooms. The reason was the opening of a World Youth Festival. Journalists from all over the world were to accompany delegations of more than 60,000 young (and not so young) people from more than 100 countries as widely disparate as Australia and Albania.

The new quarters consist of two medium size rooms, one grand hall half the size of a basketball court, desks for writing stories, sixteen telephone booths, and four small broadcasting studios (perhaps "booths" would be a more accurate word). With the Youth Festival ended and the visitors gone home, we remaining correspondents rattle around in these vast surroundings like campers left behind at the end of the summer.

The facilities at the Central Telegraph "press club" include a long glass-covered counter behind which sit girl clerks working on round-the-clock shifts. One girl receives material for the censor. She enters a number for each dispatch or broadcast script into her log book and then takes it through a green-curtained door into the mysterious domain of the censor.

Although there are no soft-drink dispensers or snack bars in the Central Telegraph Office "press club," there is one accommodation. A pair of telephones rest on a table where we correspondents work. These may be used for calls within Moscow. But Moscow's telephone system is erratic, and often these telephones ring with a wrong number, usually when a correspondent is there alone working against a deadline. On one such occasion, the American correspondent had several times exclaimed, "wrong number" to the Russian at the other end, but the Russian was persistent and kept calling back. Each time the phone rang the correspondent felt compelled to answer lest it be someone calling him.

Finally in exasperation the correspondent picked up the phone and heard the Russian shouting "Hello".

"M.V.D.," he breathed softly. There was a moment's silence, and the Russian never called that number again.

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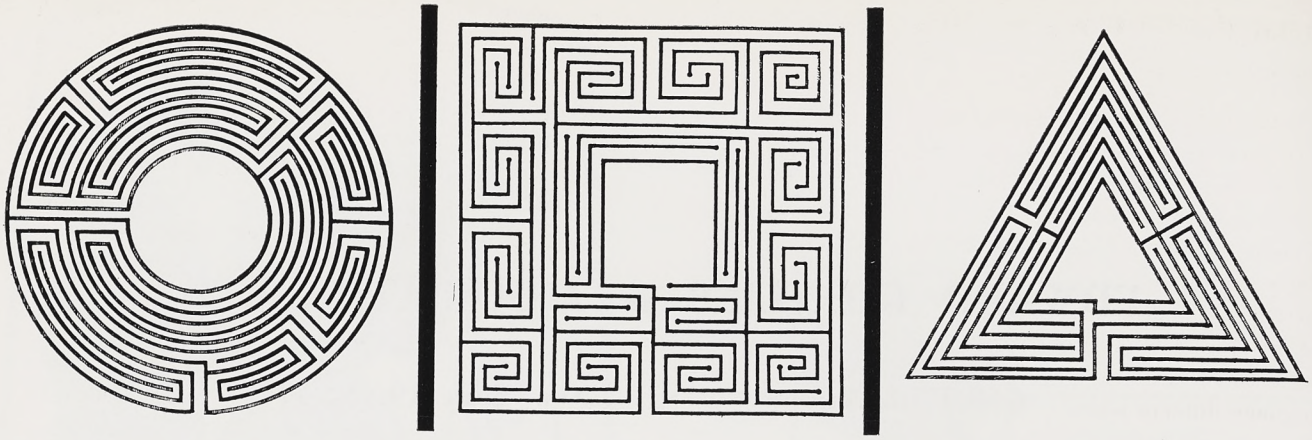
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What the OPC has to offer

continued from page 32

informant than letters from the office.

In New York, the club has almost nightly dinners and receptions to which come the news-figures of the day, including such prominent people as Prime Minister Nehru of India, President Frondizi of Argentina, Italian Premier Mario Scelba and many others; book nights which bring out internationally-minded authors and critics, and other forums which focus informed opinion on world affairs. Not least of its interesting meetings are frequent foreign-language dinners where a beached foreign correspondent can keep his tongue famiilar with German, French or Spanish. And "reunions" are arranged periodically for correspondents who once covered the blitz of London, frequented the Adlon in Berlin, or knew Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. Often it is the first time old-time colleagues have seen each other in a decade or so.

Top function each year is the Annual Awards Dinner, usually held in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, where we have heard many international personalities.

Perhaps the most deserving, but least known, of the club's activities has been the establishment of a Correspondents Fund of the Overseas Press Club, a separate incorporated organization which helps members of the profession in difficult personal situations. The work is done without publicity, and no details are revealed. But as many as forty-six individuals a year are helped by the fund from income on the fund's own holdings, which include ownership of the Overseas Press Club headquarters building. The club pays rent to the Correspondents Fund of $8,000 a year—all of which is used for such work. The fund also has other income from the club during the year. Taking care of its own has done more to enhance the reputation of the Overseas Press Club among the profession than perhaps any of its other activities.

Next to the fund, one of the most valuable of the club's service to members is its efficient and well-organized placement service. Operating with its own office and paid staff, the Overseas Press Club placement service each week lists from a half dozen to a score of top job opportunities for persons with the background found among club members. Salaries offered range up to fairly impressive executive brackets. During such emergencies as the large scale severance of INS correspondents, when their organization was merged into UPI, the Overseas Press Club set up special facilities and conducted a special job hunt for this particular group. At the same time, all were given use of the Overseas Press Club headquarters in New York while job hunting.

The club has purchased, in a joint undertaking with the fund, the property next door to its present building in East 39th Street, between Madison and Park. These two buildings will be rebuilt into one structure, to be rechristened a "World Press Center."

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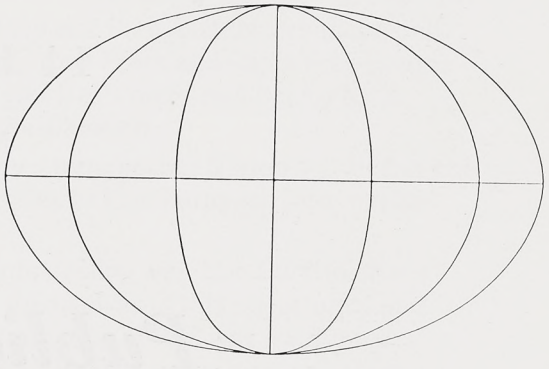
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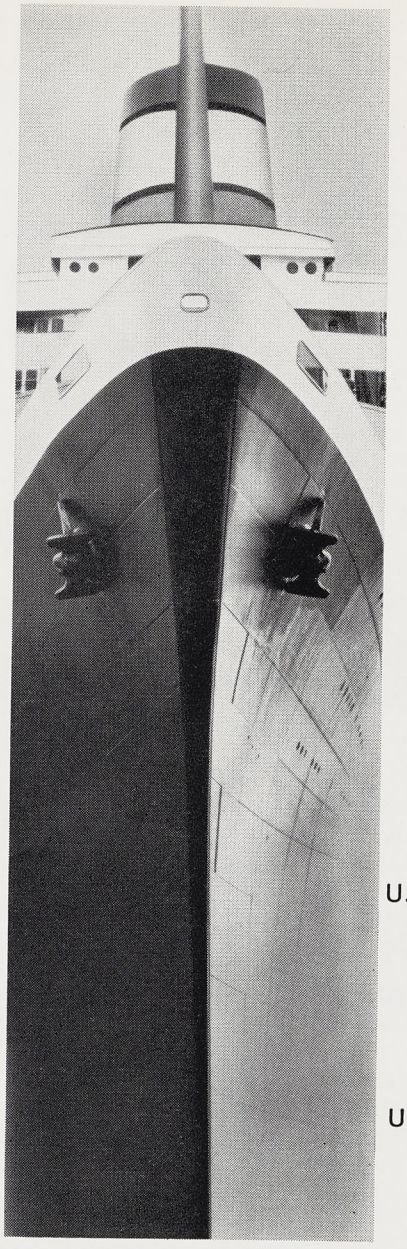
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Press club on the moon

continued from page 28

for a house rule like the one prevailing at the Tokyo Press Club for a time, to the effect that female friends or companions of correspondents be barred from any area above the ground floor between the hours of 4 a. m. and 6 a. m.

This can be counted upon by suspicious spouses until the day science finds ways of overcoming the Moon's airlessness, even if it turns out to be a bio-satellite inhabited by advanced plant life, animals and animated celestial bodies including moon maidens who don't breathe.

This brings up the subject of Moon travel nomenclature which will be more suggestive than rewarding. A "pick up" in a space ship is not what you think it is, Virginia. It is an electronic sensing unit, measuring accurately such important variables as flight velocity, pressure and temperature. "Relaxation time" either en route to or on the Moon has nothing in common with what the French are prone to call "*le petit cinq-a-sept*" or even with a Lunar coffee break. It is the period in which exotic metals and other materials used in building Moon ships, return to normal state following sudden stress or temperature change of considerable degree.

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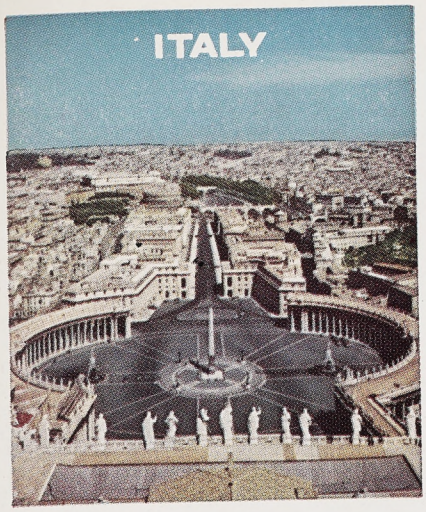
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In memoriam

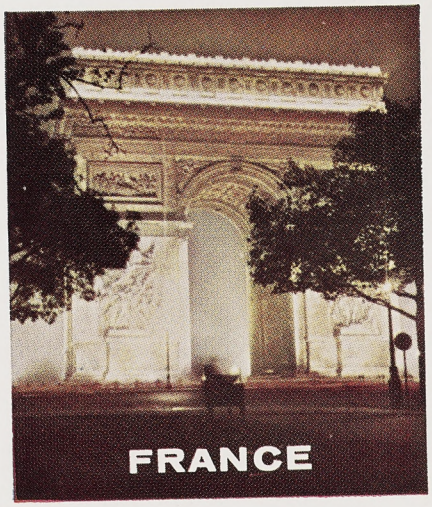
WEBB MILLER—*London 1940*
RALPH BARNES—*Yugoslavia 1940*
ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON—*Hong Kong 1946*
WITT HANCOCK—*Java 1942*
HARRY L. PERCY—*Cairo 1942*
LEAH BURDETT—*Iran 1942*
MELVILLE JACOBY—*Australia 1942*
JACK SINGER—*Pacific 1942*
BYRON DARNTON—*New Guinea 1942*
LEE E. C. BAGGETT II—*Guadalcanal 1942*
EUGENE M. KEY—*Guadalcanal 1942*
HARRY L. CROCKETT—*Mediterranean 1943*
ROBERT P. POST—*Germany 1943*
FRANK J. CUHEL—*Lisbon 1943*
BEN ROBERTSON—*Lisbon 1943*
CARL THUSGAARD—*Madang 1943*
LUCIEN A. LABAUDT—*Assam 1943*
BRYDON TAVES—*New Guinea 1943*
ROBERT W. STINSON—*South Pacific 1943*
RAYMOND CLAPPER—*Marshall Islands 1944*
WILLIAM STRINGER—*France 1944*
FREDERICK FAUST—*Italy 1944*
TOM TREANOR—*France 1944*
WILLIAM T. SHENKEL—*Japan 1944*
BEDE IRVIN—*Normandy 1944*
HAROLD W. KULICK—*London 1944*
DAMIEN PARER—*Peleliu 1944*
DAVID LARDNER—*Germany 1944*
ASAHEL BUSH—*Leyte 1944*
STANLEY GUNN—*Leyte 1944*
JOHN B. TERRY—*Leyte 1944*
JOHN J. ANDREW—*Far East 1944*
FRANK PRIST—*Leyte 1944*
JACK FRANKISH—*Belgium 1944*
SOLOMON T. BLECHMAN—*Guam 1944*
JOHN BUSHEMI—*Eniwetok 1944*
GREGOR DUNCAN—*Anzio 1944*
ALFRED M. KOHN—*Southern France 1944*
RICHARD J. MURPHY, JR.—*Saipan 1944*
PETER PARIS—*Normandy 1944*
ERNIE PYLE—*Ie Island 1945*
ROBERT BELLAIRE—*Japan 1945*
JOHN CASHMAN—*Okinawa 1945*
WILLIAM H. CHICKERING—*Philippines 1945*
JOSEPH MORTON—*Austria 1945*
FRED C. PAINTON—*Guam 1945*
HAROLD DENNY—*U. S. A. 1945*
JOHN BARBERIO—*Iwo Jima 1945*
ROBERT KRELL—*Germany 1945*
GASTON MADRU—*Germany 1945*
JAMES J. McELROY—*Iwo Jima 1945*
WILLIAM T. VESSEY—*Iwo Jima 1945*
WILLIAM PRICE—*Egypt 1946*
ALFRED KORNFELD—*Germany 1946*
DIXIE TIGHE—*Japan 1946*
GEORGE POLK—*Greece 1948*
LYFORD MOORE—*Oslo 1950*
JAMES BRANYAN—*Bombay 1949*
THOMAS A. FALCO—*Bombay 1949*
H. R. KNICKERBOCKER—*Bombay 1949*
JOHN WERKLEY—*Bombay 1949*
ELSIE DICK—*Bombay 1949*
FRED COLVIG—*Bombay 1949*
NAT A. BARROWS—*Bombay 1949*
GEORGE L. MOORAD—*Bombay 1949*
CHARLES GRATKE—*Bombay 1949*
WILLIAM H. NEWTON—*Bombay 1949*
S. BURTON HEATH—*Bombay 1949*
VINCENT MAHONEY—*Bombay 1949*
BERTRAM D. HULEN—*Bombay 1949*
ROBERT DOYLE—*Indonesia 1950*
RAY RICHARDS—*Korea 1950*
JAMES O. SUPPLE—*Korea 1950*
ALBERT HINTON—*Korea 1950*
WILLIAM R. MOORE—*Korea 1950*
WILSON FIELDER—*Korea 1950*
C. D. ROSECRANS, JR.—*Japan 1950*
KEN INOUYE—*Japan 1950*
FRANK EMERY—*Japan 1950*
SHANNON L. MEANY—*Korea 1950*
WILLIAM H. GRAHAM—*Korea 1951*
WERNER BISCHOF—*Peru 1954*
ROBERT CAPA—*Indo-China 1954*
GENE SYMONDS—*Singapore 1955*
JOHN G. DOWLING—*Paraguay 1955*
DAVID SEYMOUR—*Suez 1956*
CAMILLE CIANFARRA—*At Sea 1956*

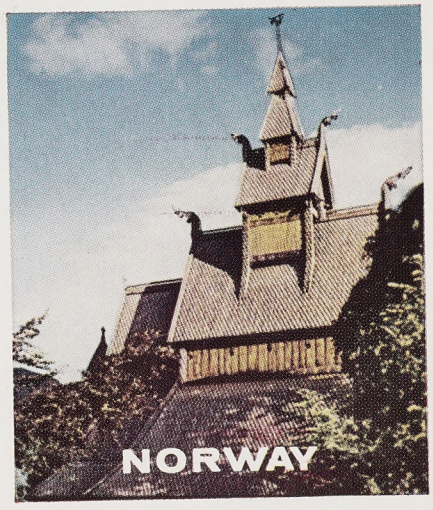


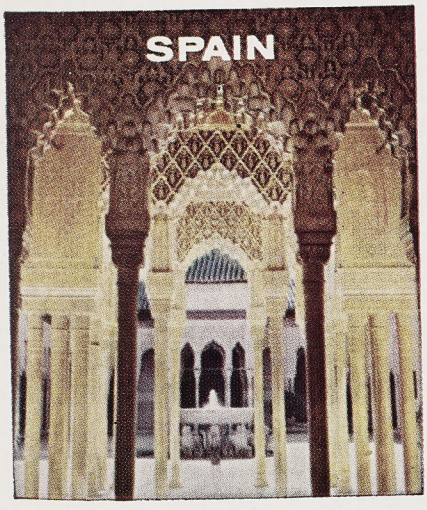












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